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SEPTEMBER 17, 1976

AMA, EXALTATION, TEARS — what the Republicans did

NATIONAL REVIEW

WILL THE REPUBLICAN PARTY SURVIVE KANSAS CITY?

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

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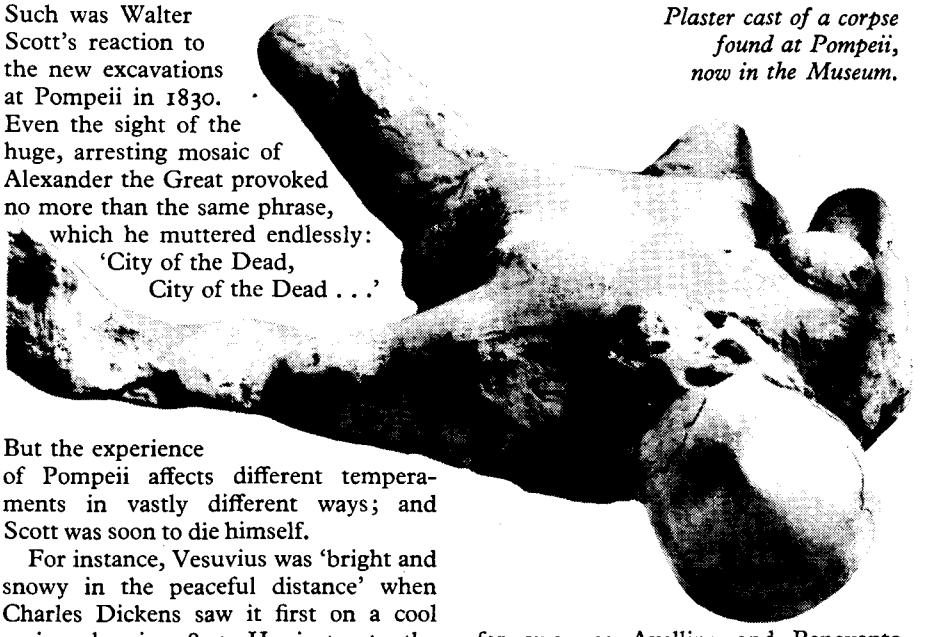
'City of the Dead, City of the Dead . . .'

Such was Walter Scott's reaction to the new excavations at Pompeii in 1830. Even the sight of the huge, arresting mosaic of Alexander the Great provoked no more than the same phrase, which he muttered endlessly: 'City of the Dead, City of the Dead . . .'



Plaster cast of a corpse found at Pompeii, now in the Museum.

But the experience of Pompeii affects different temperaments in vastly different ways; and Scott was soon to die himself.

For instance, Vesuvius was 'bright and snowy in the peaceful distance' when Charles Dickens saw it first on a cool spring day in 1845. He instructs the visitor to stand in the forum of Pompeii and admire the volcano through the columns of The Temple of Isis; seeing it as a thing of beauty, not just as a thing of 'doom and destiny, biding its terrible time.'

A thousand years before Christ a fearful eruption had deposited ash and dust as far away as Avellino and Benevento, seventy miles away. By AD 79, the memory had vanished, and the shadow of Vesuvius fell on a busy, slightly raffish town of some twenty thousand souls, about as big as Andover, Massachusetts today. Along the beautiful Bay of Naples stretched a Costa Brava-like string of luxury villas which made the whole coast seem like a continuous tow

The eruption started around o o'clock on 24 August with the appearan from the mountain of a cloud of unusu shape and size—'like a pine tree,' sa Pliny, observing from the other side the bay. Curiosity aroused, his uncle, t admiral and scientist, set off by boat investigate: Pliny went back to his bool Nearer the mountain, though daytime, was as though 'the final endless night which we had heard had come upon t world. The admiral died in the su phurous fumes 'looking more like a m asleep than dead'. Earthquakes shook t ground 'so that the chariots we h ordered were so agitated backwards a forwards that we could not keep the steady'. Buildings tottered and fe Storms of ash and stones rained dow Panic-stricken crowds attempted flight the lurid darkness. 'The sea seemed roll back on itself so that the shore w considerably enlarged and several s animals were left upon it. On the oth side, a black and dreadful cloud, brok with rapid zigzag flashes, revealed behi it variously-shaped masses of flame'.

Then for sixteen hundred years t shadow of Vesuvius fell on a silen unpeopled city, its life arrested like abruptly-frozen film. Today the sam dominating shadow falls on the greate tourist attraction of the Western Worl The turn of fate which revealed the lo cities of Pompeii and Herculaneu began in 1710 when a peasant digging well, struck costly marbles from th theatre of Herculaneum. The discoveri ushered in a Neo-classical revival whi

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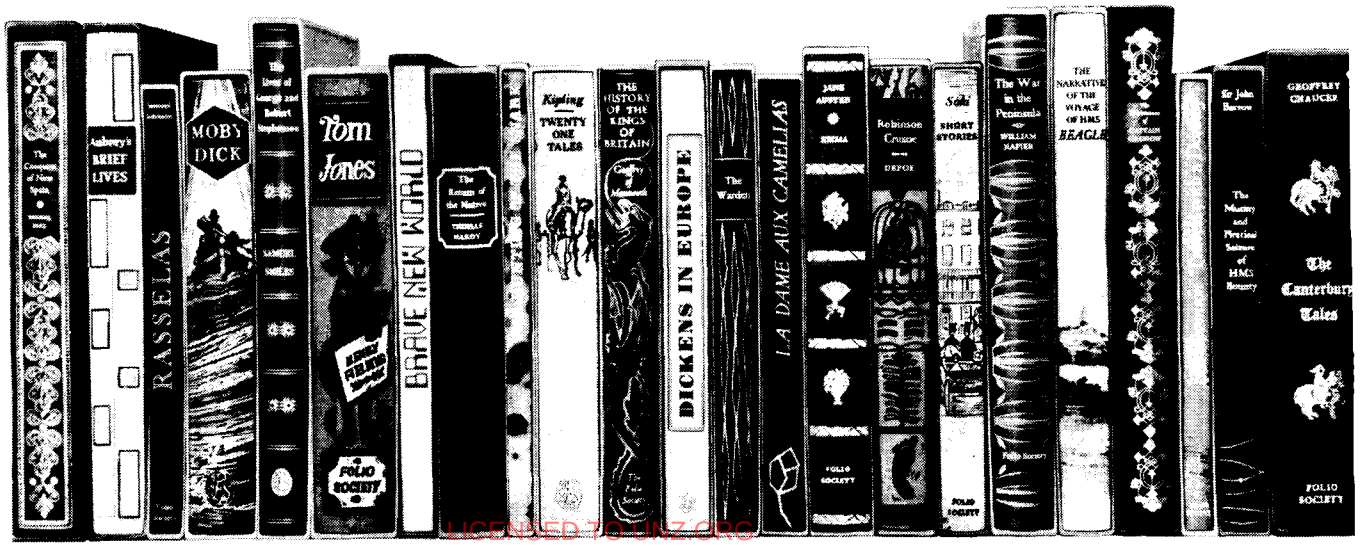

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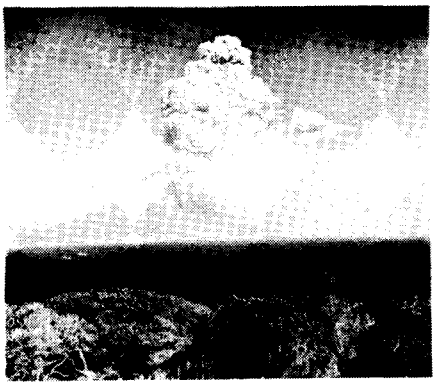
ı the two centuries that followed pro-uced a revolution in artistic taste; and ffected furniture, decoration and art in ıe whole civilised world.

Raleigh Trevelyan's narrative *The 'hadow of Vesuvius: Pompeii* AD 79 ives a striking personal impression of ıis ghostly city where, in Shelley's ords, one hears 'the autumnal leaves ke light footfalls of spirits passing ırough the streets'. He gives, too, an ntertaining history of the slow strip-ease of time which gradually, tantali-ingly, revealed one of the biggest store-ouses of treasure the world has seen, ıe source of much of our knowledge of aily life in the Roman world.

A fine book. *John Letts*



The last eruption of Vesuvius in 1944.

Four Complaints about The Folio Society

t takes a little while to adjust to the nfamiliar. Several thousand book lovers ı the United States have made that ıental leap in recent years, and now elong to a distinctly unusual organi-ation which is neither book club nor ublisher, but a little bit of both.

For instance, it does not mass-produce uge editions by photo-offset. Nor does : lure you into buying on credit, use a omputer system for mailing or billing, r despatch 'selections' which you have orgotten to say you did not want.

Most eccentric of all, it pays *all* your ıailing costs from London, England – wherever you live: West Coast or East Coast; Plains, Georgia or Prudhoe Bay.

Even the complaints it receives are unusual. Here are some samples.

W.M.M. of North Andover, Massa-chusetts, complains that 'I have some fifteen thousand volumes crowding my shelves . . . But I love John Aubrey so much I cannot resist a new edition of *Brief Lives*. Every year you publish something I want, even though I am overloaded with books.' That is why we balance our list so carefully from the by-ways *as well as* the highways of literature and history.

W.K. of Northport, N.Y., complains: 'The advertisements are clever . . . they presume a great conspiracy is spreading untruths about The Folio Society.' We deny any intention to deceive. We err – or *try* to err – in the direction of making advertisements as interesting to read as the newspapers and magazines they appear in.

A.S. of Flossmoor, Illinois, complains: 'I like your service. I like the way you send me the wrong book sometimes (and then write a nice letter of apology) – it adds a nice touch of un-computerised humanity.' Avoiding computers doesn't render us immune from making mistakes –but if we do, we correct them politely and speedily.

A.V.H. of Minnesota complains: 'Mail delay is a growing problem here in the US, but nothing more you can do about this—we have been fighting the battle for a century without success.' Enough said. We do find, however, that inter-national parcels often reach members *more* quickly than internal US mail parcels.

Members join The Folio Society in fact for a variety of reasons – because they like the civilised atmosphere, because they like good book design . . . but mainly because they like the books. They are interesting to read, attractive to look at, and modestly priced (the average price is still only a little over $11.00 post free, complete with slip-case). And you don't have to cross the Atlantic to look at them. Today you can see all the 120 or so titles in the list at The Folio Gallery in midtown Manhattan, (just off Park Avenue, at 113 East 55th Street) where you can browse among five times as many books as you see here, and purchase on the spot if you wish.

To join, you need choose only four. And you get free, as a bonus, *The Shadow of Vesuvius*, reviewed on the opposite page. You also get, for a nominal payment, a 36 page quarterly literary magazine with articles by writers such as Rosamond Lehmann and Pamela Hansford-Johnson.

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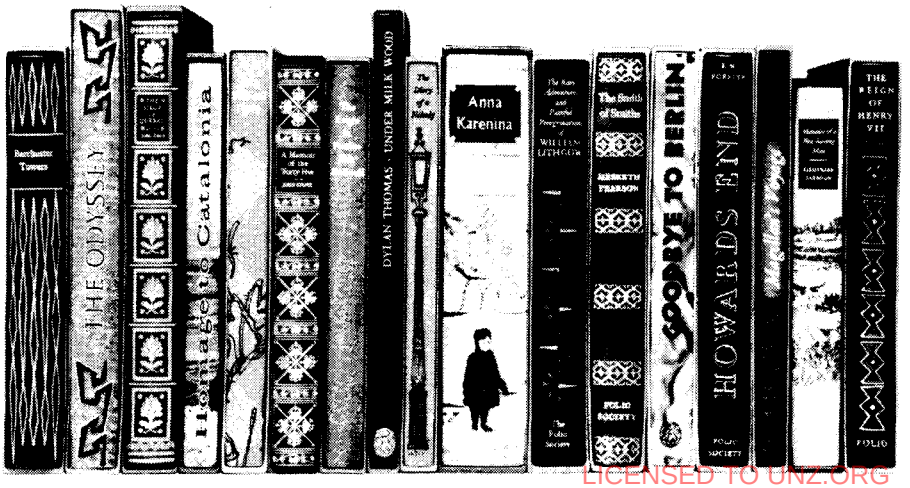

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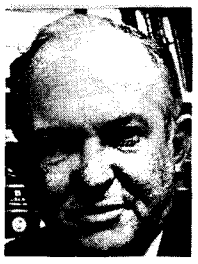

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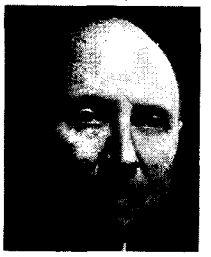

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ARTICLES

999 **Will the Republican Party Survive Kansas City?**
It was a memorable pre-Convention campaign. Washington greeted the candidacy of Ronald Reagan with benign disdain, only to see an incumbent President challenged from within his party as never before in this century. The challenge died, bravely, in Kansas City, but not before it had made its impact on the hearts of the delegates—and on the 1976 Republican platform. The defeat was not a failure. And conservatives can take from it not only encouragement, but a lesson about the party system. *James Jackson Kilpatrick*

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The Soviets act on the assumption that it can be done; their casualties may therefore be fewer in the next war than in the last. But woe to their enemies.
Carsten M. Haaland
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Malachi B. Martin

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Ruth Berenson

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M. J. Sobran Jr.

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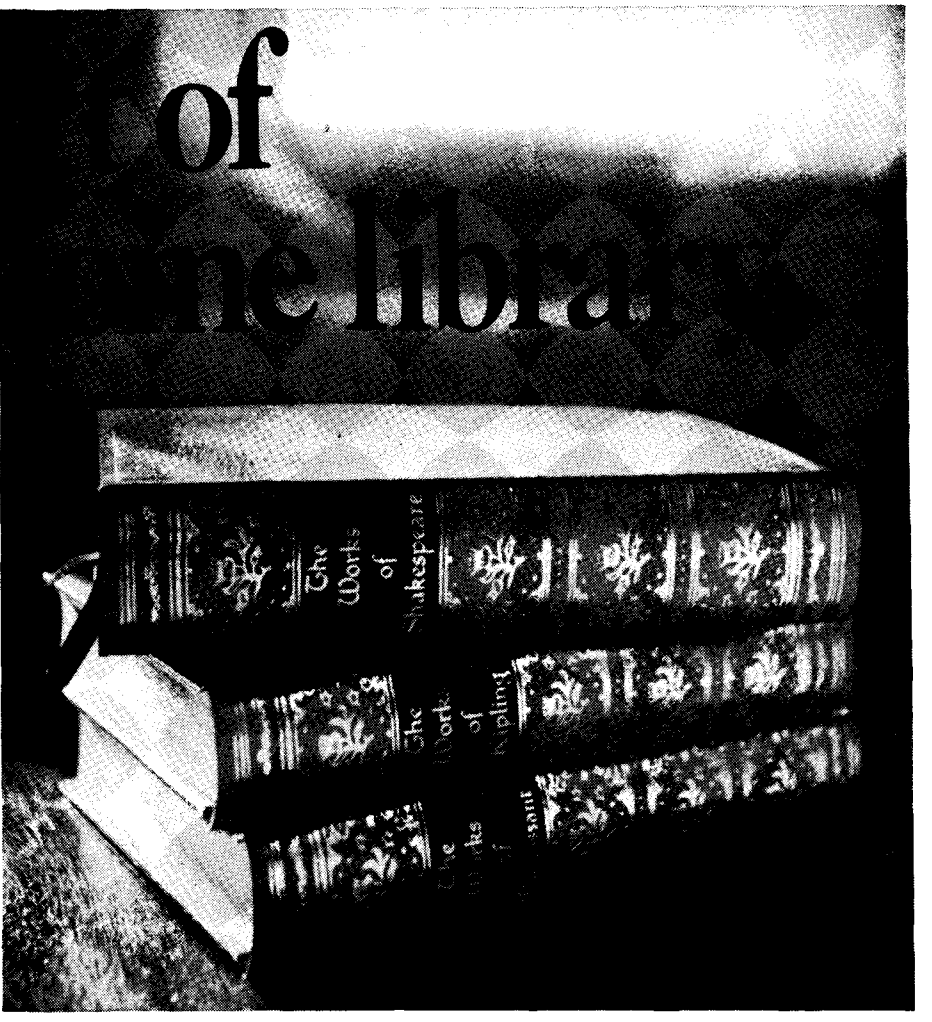

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Letters

Detente Disaster

I accept General Graham's proposition ["Detente Adieu," Sept. 3] that detente is a disaster. But I question Graham's analysis of Soviet superpower status. He says that while the Soviets surpass us in two of the four criteria, military capability and political will, they lag in economic strength and popular morale—and that the former pair are dependent on the latter.

But are they dependent? To the extent that the next war or our capitulation is swift, the Soviets' economic power is not important, and neither is their popular morale. We are dealing here with the hundred-yard dash, not the mile run. Graham admits the Soviets have the necessary fireworks. And as for popular morale, can one doubt that the men in the Kremlin would attempt to rally their "people" by telling them that the U.S. had launched a surprise attack on (fill in the blank)? Given the lack of outside "hard" news in the Soviet Union, it would be a long time before the truth were discovered. And who knows: the Soviets might even destroy (fill in the blank) themselves, the better to enlist world opinion on their side.

Even on my analysis I still think detente inadvisable and nuclear war not inevitable. Everything seems to be going their way: why should they rock the boat? If we were smart and resolved to increase our military capability, by the time the Soviets woke up it could be too late for them to maintain or regain their superiority.

CHRISTOPHER MOORE

New London, Conn.

Waning Moon

I was both pleased and disappointed with Richard Brookhiser's article on Reverend Sun Myung Moon's Bicentennial God Bless America celebration ["One Big Family," July 9]. Pleased because, since D. K. Mano's article some months ago, *NR* has made little or no mention of this cancer. Disappointed, however, because the article failed to bring out certain points.

Mr. Brookhiser did not effectively explain the basis of the anti-Moon protests. Most of the protesting was done, and I was there, by parents and friends of members of the group and by Christians who felt that Moon is both blasphemous and enslaving. A minority of protestors, they're always there, protested Moon's façade of pro-Americanism/anti-Communism.

Moreover, Mr. Brookhiser mentions some important points sans needed follow-up. For example, he mentions the entertainment groups, the "Korean Folk Ballet" and the "New York City Symphony," but does not tell his readers that the two are, in fact, front groups for Moon's Unification Church. The latter group was supposed to be there, as Moon's advertisements put it, "celebrating their fiftieth anniversary," when only months prior to the event, Moon forked over some $200,000 to purchase the rights to the defunct orchestra's name; not to mention the fact that 100 per cent of the members of the former and 80 per cent of the members of the latter were Moonies.

Cranston, R.I. CHUCK NEVOLA

Outward and Visible Sign

Russell Kirk goes too far in his charge [July 23] that "In many or most parish churches nominally Catholic, the liturgy has been reduced to a caricature of the Christian mysteries." Whatever one's opinion of the liturgical changes of the past 15 years (and my own is not very high), it seems to be simply a fact that the changes have been made in the details of the outward forms of expression of these mysteries: the teachings regarding the mysteries are what they were.

Let Mr. Kirk take up a missal used in 1955 and another commonly used today, let him compare them line by line, and let him try to find significant changes in the doctrines contained in them. I don't think he will be able to find such changes. What he will find, I think, is that many adventitious accretions have been removed. One result of these removals is that the Mass is less beautiful than it was. (I particularly regret the decision to remove the Last Gospel, but I find compensation in the emphasis now given to the Resurrection acclamation.) A closely related result is that the Mass now has little to inter-

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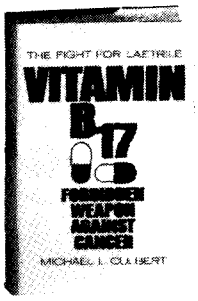

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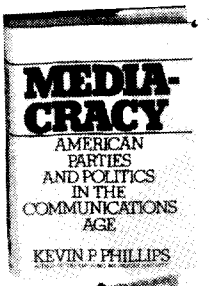

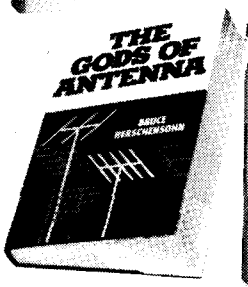

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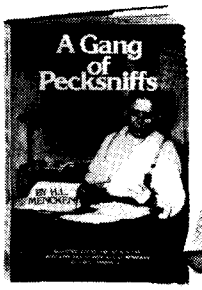

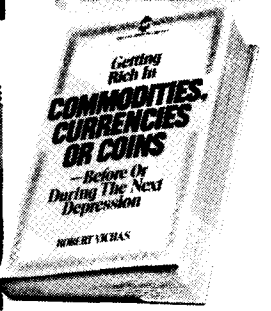

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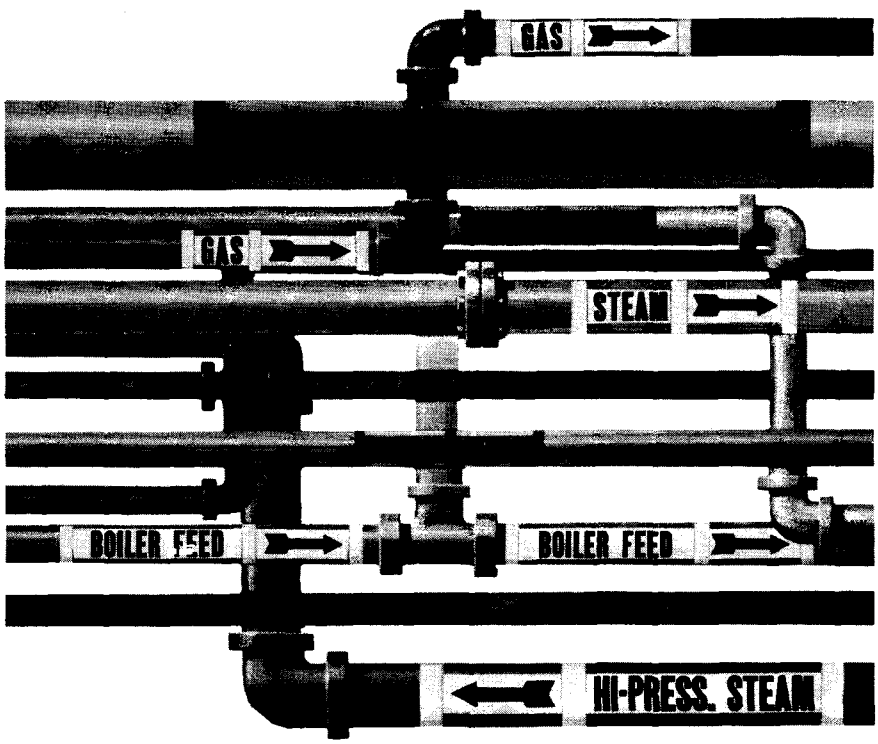

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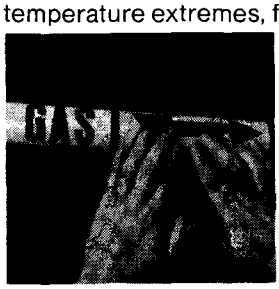

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est the non-believer—it will no longer be praised, as it sometimes was in the past, as a "gorgeous anachronism." But is this bad? Should we regret that we now have a Mass that will be found interesting, or even tolerable, only by those who believe the teachings it expresses?

Ossining, N.Y. EUGENE MCGOVERN

What Said the Augurer?

Center stage and take a bow, Cato!

In his "Letter from Washington" on November 7, 1975, he flatly stated: "Cato can now say for sure that former Governor Jimmy Carter will be the Democratic nominee."

No hedging, no waffling, no equivocating. Chicken entrails possibly???

Oak Park, Ill. G. P. LUCCHETTI

Life at CCNY

The problem with Geoffrey Wagner ["Reading, Writing, and Rape," June 11] is a simple one. He is such a prolific writer of both fiction and non-fiction that he now has difficulty distinguishing between the two. His lurid and flamboyant account of life at City College bears about as much relationship to reality here as the late Jacqueline Susann's novels bear to the lives of the people allegedly depicted there. Those of us who labor in the vineyards alongside Geoffrey have long admired the bite and sting of his prose and the vividness of his imagination without confusing any of those elements with truth. I trust your readers will do the same.

New York, N.Y. EDWARD QUINN
Chairman, Department of English
City College

The piece by Geoffrey Wagner, "Reading, Writing, and Rape," has just been brought to my attention. Mr. Wagner is of course entitled to his own views about the City University. I do, however, feel that I ought to respond to the specific question he asks: "Has Fred Hechinger of the *Times* been into one of these classrooms recently?" The implication is that my editorial view of the world in general and the City University in particular is based on some nebulous preconceptions. To set Mr. Wagner's mind at ease, this is to inform him that I have been teaching regular undergraduate classes as an adjunct professor at the University for the past three years.

New York, N.Y. FRED M. HECHINGER

Bravi

The article by Walter D. Jacobs entitled "Another View of Kissinger's Africa" [June 25] not only served to point up a part of Kissinger's foreign policy (although I use the term loosely) for what it really is, but also brought back fond memories of my association with Walter Jacobs during my undergraduate years at the University of Maryland.

A man of intelligence, warmth, and wit,

(Continues on page 1023)

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Julie Gillespie's school is taking the chill out of her afternoon.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Michigan Republican Chairman **William McLaughlin** knows who's the most important man in the Republican Party right now, and suggests double-dip Secret Service protection for whoever it was who wrote **Gerald Ford**'s fighting acceptance speech. . . . **Howard Baker**'s keynote address is, it is said, the work of **Ray Price**, **Richard Nixon**'s Number One speechwriter. . . . **Eugene McCarthy**'s comment on **Robert Dole** choice was on the wry side: "In Ford's case he was bound to be helped by anyone he picked." . . . Any idea that **Carter** will run an elevated campaign can be scratched as per this piece of rhetoric to a labor group: President Ford has vetoed legislation at four times President Nixon's annual rate. "To be four times as negative as Mr. Ford's predecessor is a remarkable achievement." . . . Radical-chic types are moving in on Carter, but not yet telling him what to say. At reception at actor **Warren Beatty**'s in Los Angeles (other guests: **Faye Dunaway**, **Diana Ross**, **Peter Falk**, **Art Garfunkel**, **Hugh Hefner**, **George Peppard**), Beatty said he and his friends have "a rising enthusiasm" for Carter and hope he will "cut $30 billion from the defense budget, free **Huey Newton**, and help the **Chicago Seven**." That, commented Carter, was about as accurate a rendition of his views "as the GOP platform writers had given in Kansas City." . . . Ironic note: *U.S. News* rundown lists 15 states plus the **District of Columbia** as sure Carter wins in November, which makes the anti-Washington candidate the going-away favorite in the District.

■ Republican liberals left Kansas City distinctly out of sorts, but indicating they intend to stick with the ship. *Washington Post* reports Sens. **Javits**, **Mathias**, and **Brooke** will remain within the GOP if only, says the *Post*, "to keep it [the party] sane." . . . **Alan Baron**, fired from **George McGovern**'s staff

Langdon, *Punch* Rothco

"Sorry—can't hear you over the noise of the latest ceasefire."

earlier this summer for taking part in a Stop Carter move, sighs: "Thank God there is an Ed Brooke within the Republican Party," according to same *Post* story. . . . Mathias, stiff upper lip and all of that, replied on *Meet the Press*, to question whether he had ever thought of shifting parties, unequivocally thus: "I've never seriously really contemplated that." . . . **Richard Schweiker**, in interview with **Sally Quinn** on plane returning from KC, viewed flak he had gotten from GOP liberals back home in Pennsylvania a little differently. "I was disappointed," he told her. "Now I find that when some liberal Republicans say open door, they mean the conservative wing should let the liberals in, not the other way around."

■ Small Blessings Dept.: Furious political activity of last six weeks means a number of bad bills won't be passed this year. Senate Majority Leader **Mike Mansfield**'s list of priority legislation to be passed before Oct. 2—tentative adjournment date—does not include: Carter-backed postcard registration, gun control, national health insurance, Humphrey-Hawkins full employment bill. . . . On that last, co-sponsor Rep. **Augustus Hawkins** (D., Calif.) says Department of Labor is all wet on its figure of approximately eight million Americans now unemployed. The true figure says Hawkins (airily) is closer to 25 to 50 million.

■ International notes: **North Korea** reportedly has dug a number of tunnels underneath the 38th Parallel in violation of truce agreement, some large enough for tanks and armored carriers. . . . When **Taiwan** sent balloons carrying rice, meat, sugar, and clothes over earthquake-devastated areas of **China** recently, Chinese authorities sent up air force planes to shoot them down. . . . **East German** guards, who usually get a $2,000 bounty and two weeks' extra vacation for shooting down escaping refugees, did not get same when they shot down an Italian truckdriver—a Communist Party member—a fortnight ago. . . . In **Libya**, nearly a hundred army officers reportedly are in durance vile for having suggested that President **Muammar el-Qaddafi—Peck's bad boy** of the Arab world—undergo psychiatric treatment. . . . Saving the Queen: British insurance companies reportedly have written over $11 million in insurance policies on the life of **Elizabeth II**—for makers of memorabilia now preparing for Silver Jubilee in '77.

■ Birthday Notes: The **Shah of Iran** celebrated his birthday recently by pardoning a number of political prisoners. . . . **Fidel Castro**, on occasion of his 50th, received The Order of the October Revolution from the Supreme Soviet of the USSR, plus birthday greetings from East Germany, Bulgaria, North Korea, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Mongolia, Vietnam—and Angola. . . . On his birthday, his 70th, **Franz Josef II**, ruler of Liechtenstein, gave the ladies, God bless them, the vote.

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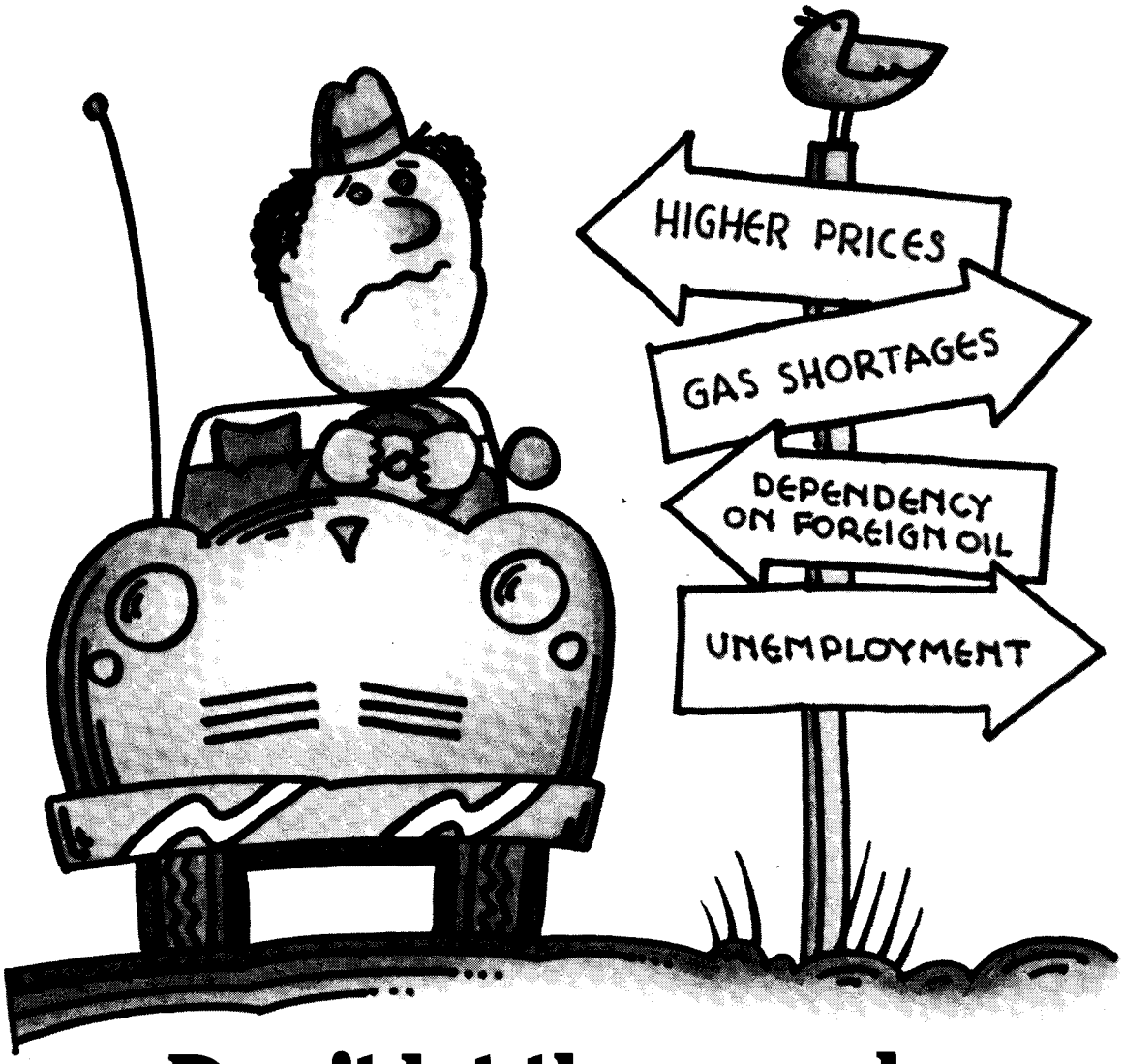

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THE WEEK

■ A mysterious, icky, smelly brown sludge is washing ashore near Crystal Beach, Fla. Marine biologists don't know what it is, except that it's not an oil slick. At first we thought it might be an effluvium from the 94th Congress, but they say it didn't kill any fish.

■ Jimmy Carter will never lie to you. He is "personally opposed" to abortion. He thinks the Democratic platform is "a little bit too liberal, too permissive" on this issue. (See "The Week," August 20.) Now the anti-abortion *Lifeletter* calls attention to a book called *Women in Need*, published by Macmillan in 1972. The foreword says: "Each chapter concludes with a series of suggestions for the reader who wants to accept a more active role in making sex education, contraceptives, abortion, and sterilization more freely available in our society. . . . As a society we must develop positive programs which deliver services in a dignified setting and on a completely voluntary basis. This would be the plea of the five women in need described in this book, the plea of the authors, Jimmy Trussell and Bob Hatcher. I join them in making this plea to the American public." It is signed "Jimmy Carter *Governor of Georgia*."

■ The Equal Employment Opportunity Commission has won its suit forcing Merrill Lynch to indemnify women and minority members whom it failed to hire or promote; to start recruiting more minorities and women; and to change those questions on its tests that favor white middle-class males (never mind whether they also favor potentially first-rate stockbrokers). The EEOC's general counsel expects the settlement to "have a rippling effect," encouraging other firms to change their policies before they too are dragged into court. Other firms, looking at the $3 million Merrill Lynch will have to shell out, are inclined to agree.

■ Gas station fires usually don't make the national wire services, but when a gas station belonging to Billy Carter of Plains, Ga. went up in flames, the Associated Press decided to make an exception, and ran full coverage of the incident. What they failed to run was any mention of the fact that the brother of the man who had rediscovered "love" and "trust" had to be physically restrained from attacking a photographer who was trying to get a picture of the blaze. The omission was especially flagrant as AP's Wirephoto department had already circulated a picture of Mr. Carter, fists doubled, teeth clenched, intent unmistakable. It's not a big cover-up as cover-ups go, we mean if they *really* wanted to save a candidate embarrassment, they would just bleep out everything Betty Ford says, wouldn't they?

■ Getting down to nuts-and-bolts campaigning, Jimmy Carter attended a Mountain Oyster Supper dawn theah in Dublin, Ga., to the delight of the good old boys. Jimmy "likes Mountain Oysters. He's an old country boy," said the host.

■ Detente marches on: On July 18, the new Soviet aircraft carrier, the 40,000-ton *Kiev*, made the passage from the Black Sea—where a sister ship, the *Minsk*, has just been launched at the Nikolayev shipyard—into the Mediterranean. A spokesman of the British government, with its long maritime tradition, at once declared (though without a formal protest) that the *Kiev*'s passage directly violates the Montreux Convention, regulating transit through the Bosporus, which was signed in 1936 by the maritime powers, including the Soviet Union. Article 11 of the Montreux Convention says that "Black Sea powers may send through the Straits capital ships of tonnage greater than is laid down [in Article 14]"—15,000 tons. But Annex II defines "capital ships" as "surface vessels of war, other than aircraft carriers." (The Lausanne Convention of 1923 had allowed free passage for all warships of any size and type. This alarmed the Soviet leaders, and was revised by the Montreux Convention on their initiative.) It may be that the Montreux Convention is outmoded, but it is still officially in force. The U.S. Government has neither protested nor even noted its violation, and has thereby once more condoned Soviet disregard of its formal obligations. An editorial in the *Times* (London) comments: "The Soviet Union has always made its own laws subordinate to political expediency. It should not be allowed to inflict the same treatment on international law. . . . The inevitable result of this [condoning] attitude has now appeared. The Soviet Union always widens any opening that is made available to it."

■ "Non-aligned" is usually a code word, in contemporary diplomatic parlance, for "anti-Western"; nations like Yugoslavia and India, while not taking their orders directly from the enemies of the free world, will nevertheless line up with them on most substantive and all

Peering Ahead

I'm no Joseph, but I see
Seven lean years facing me;
Seven years of rules and regs
Draining profits to the dregs,
Till the leveling effect
Wears away my self-respect.
Finally, however, I'll
Find a Moses in my style:
He'll arrive some frosty morn
Playing "Dixie" on his horn.
Oh, how happy I shall be
When he parts the waves for me!

W. H. von Dreele

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

KANSAS CITY—A week of funny hats, horns, the Michigan fight song, "California Here I Come," ebullience, tears. For many—the Ford family, for instance—there may never be a happier week. But through it all ran a distinct sense of sadness, a feeling of loss, a memory of other times, of former enthusiasms and battles that would never be felt or fought again. There were the old warhorses, Barry Goldwater and Nelson Rockefeller, plodding through their speeches. One of the most controversial figures in the Republican Party just a few years back, Jacob Javits, never managed to finish his listless speech, and no one seemed to notice. There were the men who weren't there, Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew, and their stand-in, Alf Landon, a dim figure from a shadowy Republican past that few remember. And, of course, there was the defeat and the departure of Ronald Reagan, who said goodbye with a grace and dignity which may never be equaled. It was an emotional farewell, one which brought tears, for it was a farewell to an era of American politics which had shaped the lives and the beliefs of many—perhaps a majority—of those who call themselves conservative Republicans. When Reagan left, he took that era with him, and many who watched him go believe the Republican Party can never be the same again.

The speeches were generally disappointing. Howard Baker's keynote address, John Connally's surprisingly non-eloquent effort, and Robert Dole's standard presidential puff-piece—all smacked too heavily of excessive White House input. But that all became irrelevant on the last night, when Reagan said his farewell and Ford gave the best speech of his career. True, on paper, Ford's acceptance speech is completely unremarkable—a typical all-things-to-all-men effort, vague promises interspersed with typical political hack rhetorical flourishes. But it was the manner in which it was delivered that impressed. "For the first time," says a newsman not particularly fond of Ford, "he sounded like a man in control."

Because of that acceptance speech, there is more optimism being expressed in the Ford camp than at any time since the Florida primary. The final shape of his campaign has not yet been decided on, nor is it yet clear who will be in charge. But at present, many Ford advisors are putting all their money on the televised debates. A few weeks ago, the idea of debates sent a collective shiver down Ford staff spines. But after his acceptance speech, many now believe he has a chance to score heavily off Carter. The reasoning runs like this: the time, the place, the subjects, and the format will be known well in advance. Thus, if Ford spends primarily only weekends on the stump, as many advisors hope he will do, there'll be ample time to prepare—not a full month, as he had with the acceptance speech, but time. Ford, they maintain, is good at digesting facts and figures, and he can call on the formidable resources of the Executive Branch to assemble those facts and figures and boil them down. Some Ford supporters still fear the debates, however, believing that Carter may introduce unexpected material and force Ford into fluffs. "New things can throw Jerry off balance," says one, who hopes that Ford can concentrate on talking to the TV audience rather than to Carter.

Meanwhile, friction between the White House and the Ford campaign committee continues, with the press operation this week's trouble spot. And the press itself is helping it all along. Many national newsmen dislike Ron Nessen, President Ford's press secretary, for what they claim are misleading and inaccurate statements, indifference to their demands for access to the President, and what they view as excessive flippancy. They do like William Greener, however, the new campaign committee press secretary, and many of them are boosting Greener as a candidate for Nessen's job. At recent Nessen press conferences, there have been nearly as many questions about Greener's status as about the presidential campaign.

Nessen may indeed be flippant. But he does occasionally manage to get off some good ones. Just after the Convention, at Vail, he announced the presidential schedule this way: "We're going to drain the pond tomorrow at 10. At 4, we'll have the ball game—we play hardball here. On Tuesday, there'll be a photo opportunity at the opening of Susan's lemonade stand. And Jack is climbing a tree."

—CATO

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symbolic issues. Burma, however, is one non-aligned state that has attempted to live up to its status in the only way possible: since seizing power in 1962, Burma's socialistic military dictatorship has rebuffed almost all offers of foreign aid. The result has been economic chaos, and Burma is now reportedly angling for economic assistance from the World Bank. At the same time, the military has been having increasing trouble with ethnic rebels, dissidents in its own ranks, and the Chinese-backed Burmese Communist Party. Peking's attitude toward this last difficulty has been classically two-faced: it has promised as a state to respect the government's neutrality, while pledging as a party to support its rebellious Communist comrades.

■ In his book, *The Sea Power of the State*, Soviet Admiral Sergei Gorshov gives his list of the uses of sea power. He begins traditionally: 1) "to exert influence on coastal countries"; 2) "to extend a military threat to any level, from a show of strength to the disembarkation of a landing party." In 3) he gives his gloss on the meaning of detente: "to effectively utilize the world oceans in the interest of building Communism."

■ You've got to wonder about the intelligence apparatus in France. The French government just sent two officials to New York City to get some pointers on the fiscal management of large cities.

■ Aeroflot, the Soviet airline, has been indicted for offering illegal 50 per cent rebates on tickets for their Washington–Paris flights. The complaint was initiated by the Civil Aeronautics Board, which thinks low trans-Atlantic fares are a crime.

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■ One of the great evils which, along with hunger, poverty, filth, and the common cold, Red China is commonly credited with having eliminated, is prostitution. Not so, according to Miriam and Ivan London, who have gone every year for the last 12 years to Hong Kong to conduct interviews with fugitives from the Mainland. According to their research, major cities like Canton are blessed with pimps, prostitutes, and red light districts, just like the decadent West.

■ An historic first: When Thailand and Vietnam established ties on August 6, it marked, according to *The Economist*, the first time in history that all nine countries in Southeast Asia recognized each other. In the movies: music comes up, camera fades on peace coming to the quagmire. In real life: a few days after the historic treaty with Thailand, Vietnam's General Giap, leader of what last year was the fourth largest army in the world, announces a mandatory draft for all Vietnam to meet the "requirements of national defense."

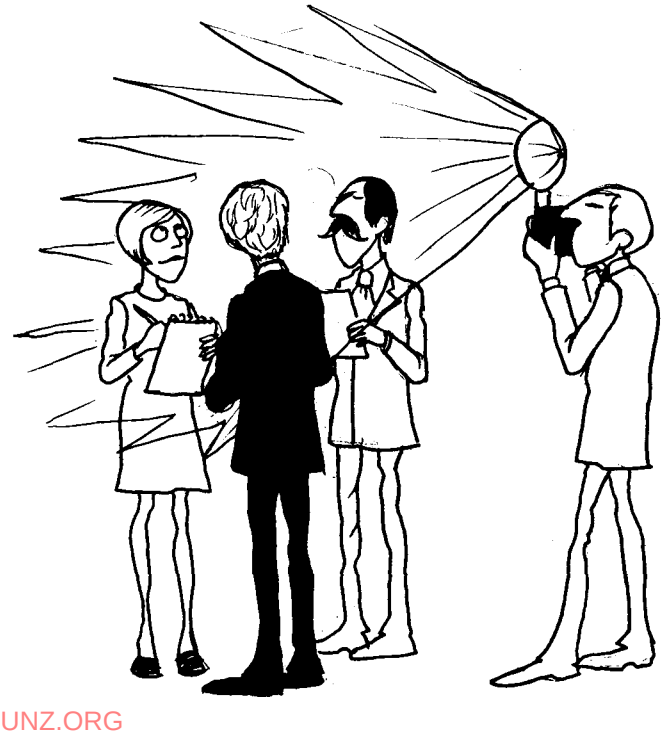
■ The King of Albania wants to return home—and, he has it on the best authority, Albanians fervently desire his return. Barry Farber reports that King Leka, who hasn't been in Albania since he was two days old, recently told a meeting of ecstatic Albanians in New York that military operations to liberate Albania have already begun. Three small guerrilla units succeeded in penetrating Albania's iron curtain and were able to perform reconnaissance missions. Albanians, Leka said, told the guerrillas to dispense with reconnaissance missions and return in force. They are prepared to follow "any movement, any leader who can deliver them from the tyranny of the present Communist regime." There are more Albanians outside Albania than inside, and Leka has many volunteers for his liberation army. He is short of time, however: "We must liberate Albania now. Because after Tito goes the Russians are going to grab Yugoslavia and they won't stop at the Albanian border unless Albania is allied to the West."

■ Flash from the Red Cross Society of China—"On July 28 the Taneshan-Fengnan area in Hopei Province was hit by strong earthquakes, resulting in great losses in life and property. However, under the loving care and leadership of Chairman Mao and the Party's Central Committee and with the support and assistance of the entire Chinese people, the people in the afflicted area are acting in the spirit of self-reliance and arduous struggle, overcoming the temporary difficulties caused by the earthquake, taking anti-earthquake measures and rebuilding their homes." Taking anti-earthquake measures —dosing the ground with Valium?

■ A late analysis of the April 25 elections in Hanoi has just come in, and the results are fascinating. Leading the pack was Le Duan, First Secretary of the Vietnam Workers' Party Central Committee, with a whopping 99.76 per cent of the vote; hot on his heels, however, was Nguyen Luong Bang, with 99.74 per cent. Other strong finishers were Prime Minister Pham Van Dong (99.73 per cent) and General Van Tien Dung (99.58 per cent). But President Ton Duc Thang may be in trouble—rumors of senility have evidently hurt him, and he only polled a brinky 99.35 per cent.

■ The latest form of anti-Soviet activity is knitting. Not only women but veterinarians and tough mountain men of the North Caucasus have taken it up, thereby cashing in on the lucrative Arctic market for caps, stockings, and sweaters. *Pravda* doesn't like it—even though, as Christopher Wren of the *Times* puts it, "knitting is in itself quite legal." Wren predicts a crackdown. Do they have a Consumer Products Safety Commission in Moscow?

■ The Vatican has removed traditionalist Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre from his priestly duties at the seminary in Ecône, Switzerland. He will shortly incur excommunication as well by refusing to comply with conditions necessary to avoid it. Does this mean that Rome is cracking down on heresy and reasserting its traditional authority? No, writes Bill McSweeney in the London *Times*: the Church simply does not dare try to discipline the far more potent and numerous modernist dissidents—for fear of provoking a massive revolt. But a show of strength is in order, and, writes McSweeney, "by the nature of their belief and commitment, traditionalists are easy targets for such posturing. Their sin is to defend to excess the very power that condemns them; their heresy is to demand too vehemently that the Church should root out heretics. Trapped by their own orthodoxy, their response is more likely to be compliance than schism."



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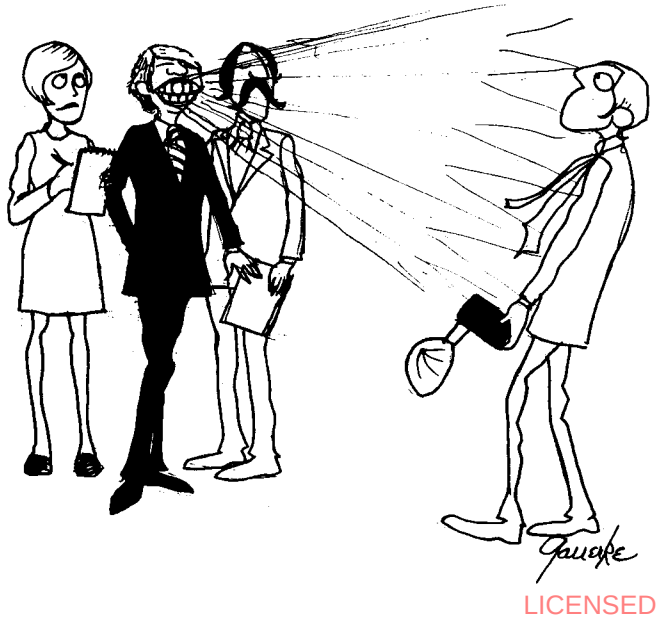
■ Now that's efficiency: On June 1, the World Peace Council launched a drive for signatures for the New Stockholm Peace Pledge, which calls for the banning of all nuclear weapons and an end to the arms race. On August 6, just two months later, it reported having received 135,000,000 (M) signatures from the Soviet Union alone. Wish we could do that!

■ Even talking about Renee Richards, the transsexual tennis player, is awkward: you find yourself saying things like "she has a son by her former wife." Her case baffles every instinct, because "she" is no longer a man, not really a woman. It is a crazy parody of recent liberation movements, whose dialect Dr. Richards speaks: "identity," "polarization," "body image," "rights." Improbable as it seems, she has delved one yard below women's lib, insisting that women's tennis, by seeking to impose sexual criteria designed to exclude her from competition, is oppressing *her*. Previous transsexuals, like Christine Jorgensen, went it alone. Dr. Richards wants society to accept her on her own terms.

■ The Fettered Trade Commission has launched a legal assault on another mighty monopolist, General Foods (1975 sales $3.7 billion), for selling Maxwell House coffee at unreasonably low prices in the East since 1971, to drive out of business such smaller competitors as Folger's, owned by Proctor & Gamble (1975 sales $6 billion). The FTC thinks cheap coffee in the middle of a coffee shortage is a crime.

■ The Struggle for Equality: Philosopher Peter Singer, author of *Animal Liberation*, has stepped up the war against "speciesism." In a recent issue of *The New York Review of Books*, he asks: "Is there any morally relevant difference between doing [an] experiment on a dying dog and doing it on a dying human fetus." Yes, as a matter of fact, there is: "It is the dog that is the more intelligent, sensitive, and autonomous being. How could any comparison not unthinkingly prejudiced in favor of our own species attribute greater dignity or integrity to the dying fetus than to the dying dog? . . . To say that merely being a member of our species entitles a being to special protection . . . is to discriminate on the basis of species alone, a form of discrimination no more defensible than discrimination on the basis of race alone." What Mr. Singer's movement needs now is an epithet for persons guilty of species bias. Anthropophiles? Anthropophile pigs?



■ The Federal Government sent out 2,832,917,000 questionnaires, tax forms, and other pieces of noxious mail in fiscal year 1974, according to whoever counts these things.

Campaign 1976

I. Why Reagan Lost

In the wake of Ronald Reagan's excruciatingly narrow defeat in Kansas City, attention has naturally focused upon all of the relatively small things that could have made the difference—from a mere two votes in the Mississippi delegation on Tuesday evening to a few hundred votes in New Hampshire last February. In this perspective, the agonized "if only" sentiment of the Reagan supporters in Kansas City on Thursday morning struck a poignant and sympathetic chord.

There exists, however, another perspective. It concerns overall strategy rather than local tactics. In this perspective, the very fact that the fate of the Reagan challenge hung on such an excruciating series of minor events suggests a larger, indeed a controlling, strategic miscalculation. When a football team requires a fifty-yard field goal in the last second of the game, and that field goal attempt misses by six inches, questions arise not so much about the six inches as about the offensive game-plan itself.

From its beginning, the Reagan challenge was inhibited by deference to the sensibilities of the impotent, vestigial liberal wing of the party. This solicitude dictated that there would be no serious challenge to such rump Republicans in their remaining big-state bastions. There would be no bloodbath pitting insurgents against aging establishmentarians in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts. Efforts would be relatively platonic in Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, and Wisconsin. To have fought tooth-and-nail in those states might have been unsightly, but it is plausible to suppose that Reagan nevertheless would have emerged with a substantial number of delegates—even if not majorities—in all those states. As it turned out, it was just those states that saved the day for Ford in Kansas City. Unchallenged in

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All Aboard

We're casting off with Baker at the helm,
And Spencer Roberts straining at the pump.
Up on the poop deck, swaying like an elm,
Ford urges Robert Dole to break his hump.
High in the ratlines, hankering to jump,
The Reagans contemplate the cruel sea,
While in her cabin Betty does a bump
To entertain the Rockefellers. (Whee!)
Amidships and awash in the debris,
John Connally preserves a stoic calm;
Jack Javits, seasick, stoppeth one in three
To hang an albatross on Helms and Strom.
As for the ship, it's either Noah's Ark
Or *RMS Titanic* in the dark.

W. H. VON DREELE

the primaries, the ghosts of the Republican Establishment delivered their blocs for the President.

There thus emerged a fatal contradiction in the Reagan strategy. The very meaning of his rebellion entailed the destruction of that older Republican Establishment, now clustering around Ford. It meant an insurgency against it, if not in, for example, Manhattan, then certainly in the Bronx and Brooklyn and Queens and out into the suburbs. In Pennsylvania, be it noted, Jimmy Carter smashed the Democratic and labor union Establishment and effectively won the nomination. But the Reagan strategy sought to avoid a direct and bruising collision with its real opponents. The insurgents were willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike, and they ignored the wisdom of Machiavelli's maxim that one never inflicts a *small* injury upon an opponent. Naturally, the Rockefellers, Scrantons, Javitses, Brookes, Percys, Rosenbaums, et al. did not return the favor.

This entire misconceived and contradictory strategy was symbolized by the so-called Eleventh Commandment, viz., "Thou shalt not speak ill of another Republican." *Shalt not speak ill!* Why, the whole point of the Reagan enterprise was to dump a President, heave his Cabinet officers and his aides out into the street, replace his appointed officials, shove the Rockefellers, Scrantons, et al. into political extinction, overturn much of the domestic and foreign policy of the incumbents, and change the political base and overall identity of the Republican Party. To embark upon *that* sort of enterprise, while at the same time proclaiming that you will not "speak ill" of them, is, actually, perverse.

Of course, once again the favor was not returned. While the Reagan campaign refused to speak ill, their opponents were denouncing their candidate as a man who would throw widows into the snows of New Hampshire, abolish Social Security, sell TVA, and start World War III. The Ford people, no subscribers to the Eleventh Commandment, and aware of the stakes, depicted Reagan as an extremist, a nitwit, and a charlatan who was lying about his record as governor. Naturally these attacks had plenty of help from the liberal media.

Fundamentally John Sears, like his mentor Richard Nixon, believes that a Republican victory in November requires that liberals and conservatives come out of the Convention "united." This preoccupation determined overall strategy and of course also tactics—down to the final Convention challenge on 16(c) rather than on some substantive *issue*. Clearly, however, when you are out to dump an incumbent President and give the coup de grace to a dying Establishment you can hardly expect to remain "united." Pondering 1960 and 1964, Mr. Nixon discerned that in 1968 you could win with a centrist strategy. But his protégé John Sears seemed to think that this was 1968 all over again.

Nevertheless, Ronald Reagan, in defeat, made a large contribution to this campaign, and, beyond that, to his country. He kept the focus steadily on the key issues—strategic balance and federal arrogance—and he did so eloquently and with great personal style. His final remarks to the Convention on Thursday evening were among the most moving words in living memory. The Republican platform has no connection with the Percys and the Brookes, and they failed to name one of their own to the vice presidential nomination. Ronald Reagan made a large difference; he may have educated the White House and its strategists—and in that sense even Gerald Ford may in the long run have much to thank him for.

II. Ford-Dole

In choosing Senator Robert Dole, a moderate conservative from Kansas, President Ford characteristically decided to go for a small gain rather than for a possibly game-breaking play. This was not exciting, but conceivably it was wise. He might have picked John Connally. He might have stunned everyone, including Carter, by picking Anne Armstrong, a conservative woman from the Sunbelt. Ford–Armstrong would have sent both Caddell and Teeter back to their polls and their computers. Still, Ford played football for Michigan and not for USC, and he did not go for the big play. His stress on steadiness may well pay off.

Jimmy Carter's enormous lead in the early summer opinion polls now appears deceptive. On August 25, the Opinion Research Corporation of Princeton, N.J. announced the results of a post-Kansas City poll showing Carter ahead by nine points, 46 to 37, a Carter drop of some 25 points in four weeks. Though this and all other polls must be treated with some skepticism, especially this year, it appears obvious that Carter's support is soft.

Some fascinating figures are turning up, most notably in the South, where Carter is supposed to be unbeatable. He now leads Ford there 45 to 32, with a large 23 per cent "undecided." Those figures could change drastically as the campaign develops. In the latest of a long series of blunders, Ford campaign manager Rogers Morton

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announced in Kansas City that the Republicans would more or less concede the "Cotton South" to Carter. In this campaign, nothing at all should be conceded, and Morton has since been replaced.

Ford–Dole traditional Midwestern conservatism lacks the more emotional and activist Sunbelt appeal of Reagan and Connally and the other New Majority–Sunbelt figures. Nevertheless, it will appear increasingly attractive as compared with Carter–Mondale. Indeed, the above poll figures suggest that Carter may have made a blunder in putting Mondale on the ticket instead of, say, Glenn.

III. The Campaign

Ford may have delivered a masterstroke in challenging Carter to a series of TV debates. Carter has been on all sides of a series of issues, skillfully catering to his contradictory constituency. He has done this while maintaining that he tells everyone the truth. It is possible that in these debates Ford will be able to strip him of his mystery and his charisma. Nothing fades faster than a charismatic leader when he loses his aura. A few suggestions:

1. Carter proposes to "pardon" those who illegally evaded the draft during the Vietnam War, an issue dear to his left-wing constituency, since such a pardon would tend to confirm their view that the war was immoral. Ford would have some difficulty in attacking Carter here, since Carter would have the option of raising the issue of Nixon's pardon. But Ford could take his stand in both cases on the national interest. A good many people think that *losing* the war was immoral, not fighting it. Many believe that pardoning draft dodgers would bode ill for the future defense of this country. Carter can be hit on this issue, fracturing his support.

2. Carter is now on record as stating that the Vietnam War—which he always supported—was a "racist" war. It would therefore be pleasant to ask him when he stopped being a racist. He can be skewered on that quotation. It should be squeezed for every drop of symbolic significance.

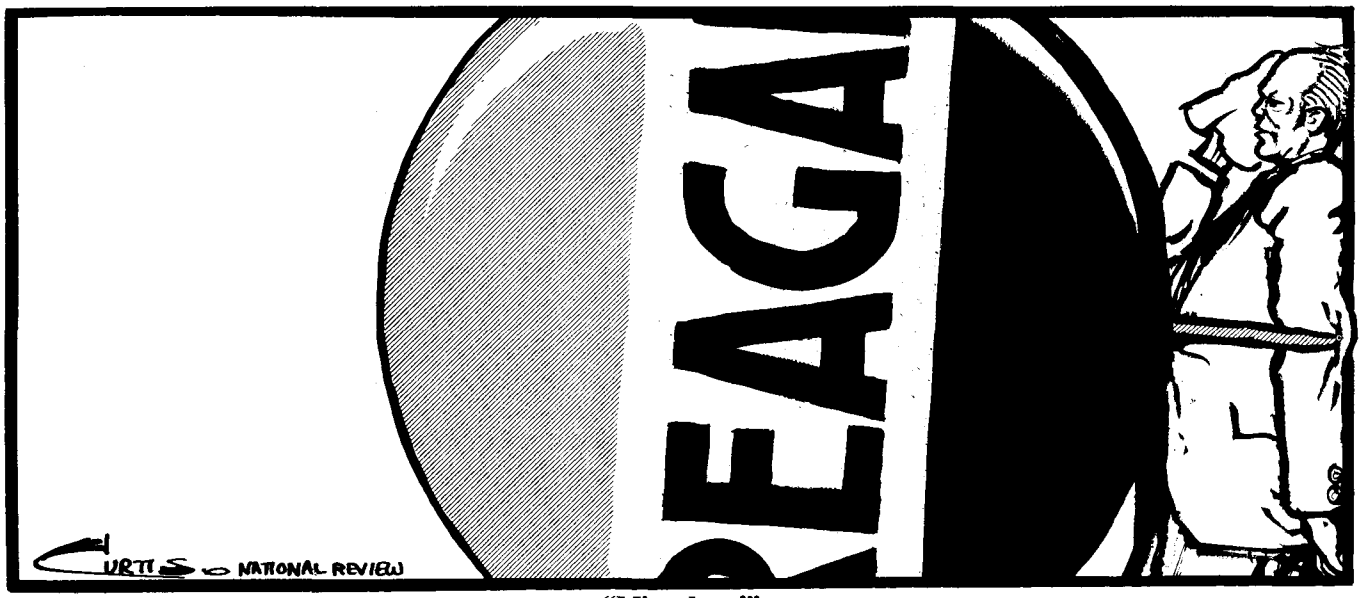
3. Nuclear power: particularly in view of the resounding defeat of anti-nuclear power Proposition 15 in California, the Democratic coalition looks vulnerable on this issue. The nuclear power argument is not really about "safety." Actually, it pits no-growth against growth economic perspectives. Left-wing Democrats normally take the no-growth position.

4. The Democrats can be fractured on racial busing, but only if the Republican opponent comes out strongly for an anti-busing constitutional amendment, as a guarantee of seriousness on the issue. This may be one of the prime issues to be pressed since busing for "racial balance" rests on a whole set of sociological assumptions that now appear to be false, but which constitute articles of faith for many liberal Democrats.

5. The Humphrey-Hawkins so-called full-employment bill may be the big "sleeper" issue of the fall campaign. It could play the role of George McGovern's $1,000 per person "demogrant" scheme. No competent economist believes in Humphrey-Hawkins. It is impossible to back the bill if you are both honest and intelligent—you can back it if you are either one, but not both together. Nevertheless Carter, though reluctantly, tied himself to Humphrey-Hawkins.

6. Carter's present support can be fractured over increased federal spending for welfare and for education. Liberal Democrats favor both, but a clear majority evidently stands opposed. In local vote after local vote this year, school bond issues were resoundingly rejected. The only place the education establishment can turn therefore is to the federal treasury. The social welfare lobby, similarly, is potent in Washington but a pigmy elsewhere. Both of these issues therefore can be pinned on Carter, and whichever way he moves he loses some support.

7. During the primaries, Carter's opponents in effect



"Missed me!"

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gave him a free ride on such issues as abortion, marijuana and homosexual rights. Carter had merely to be less permissive than schematic liberals like Mo Udall and Birch Bayh to pick up the votes of socially conservative Democrats. But a national election will be a different story. Carter may send nice vibrations to liberal Democrats by stating that he does not think homosexuals should be "persecuted"—but does he also favor legislation protecting their right to teach the young? Does he think homosexuals ought to be permitted in the armed forces?

IV. Third Party

In the year 1976, a majority of Americans consider themselves conservatives of one kind or another. Democratic liberals, rejected in the primaries by Democratic voters, now cluster around a Sunbelt chameleon for reasons of self-preservation.

In the Republican Party, liberalism is virtually extinct, a candidate for the Smithsonian. In the absence of Watergate, Nixon would be completing his second term; large numbers of Sunbelt Democrats and independents would have moved toward the Republicans; John Connally, having served for three years as Secretary of State, would have been nominated at the Republican Convention, held in Houston, San Diego, or Los Angeles. Instead, the Republicans in Kansas City nominated two moderate conservatives, Ford and Dole. Nevertheless, the natural evolution of the party can scarcely be aborted. The Republicans gathered in Kansas City were overwhelmingly conservative. Many of them were young, bright, and energetic. It would certainly seem that they are the mainstream of both American politics and American conservatism.

Since that appears to be the case, it remains curious that some conservatives—including individuals of intelligence and principle—have decided to launch a new conservative party. They met in Chicago during August in order to do so. It was an exotic exercise. It will have no effect at all because it seems too unnecessary.

Brookings v. the Democrats

The Brookings Institution is widely regarded, with some justification, as the semi-official "think tank" of the Democratic Party. In view of that historical link, it may be instructive to examine the latest research from Brookings on the Democrats' promises to achieve 3 per cent unemployment through such tired New Deal nostrums as deficit spending and public service jobs. The following quotes are from the latest edition of the *Brookings Papers on Economic Activity*:

Michael Wiseman finds "no evidence to support the contention that the type of workers hired through public employment programs means a reduction in payments of unemployment insurance benefits or in other government transfers."

Charles Holt notes that Michael Wachter's research "implies that employment-guarantee programs, public service employment, or other programs for reducing unemployment that are primarily demand-oriented cannot succeed in four years in making non-inflationary an unemployment rate of 3 per cent, even for adults."

Stephen Marston presents evidence showing that providing more public jobs "cannot be expected drastically to reduce the unemployment rates of blacks, women, and teenagers, because the excess unemployment rates suffered by these groups are not caused primarily by their inability to find jobs." Instead, the unemployment rates within these groups are caused by frequent voluntary job exits—i.e., quitting.

All Bills Are Jobs Bills

Any piece of legislation can, with a little ingenuity, be labeled a "jobs bill." A defense contract expands employment in the defense industries, foreign aid expands employment in the export industries, a subsidy expands employment in the subsidized industry, and so on.

Lobbying costs aside, there is no question that government spending benefits those who receive it. The question is, Who pays the bill? And what effect does that have on income and employment in the private sector? There is no such thing as a free job.

Congress recently overrode President Ford's veto of a $4-billion "jobs bill." Actually, it was a $2-billion pork-barrel bill to build more government office buildings and the like, plus a $1.25-billion bill to bail out those over-taxed communities which have done a bad job of getting unemployment down, plus a $700-million water pollution bill. If these are jobs bills, then the entire $413-billion budget is a jobs bill too. Yet financing that budget—through taxes, borrowing, or printing money—obviously reduces income and employment in the private sector.

"Is it really more wasteful or inflationary," asks the *New York Times*, "to hire workers who would otherwise be the recipients of unemployment compensation or welfare checks?" Well, it *is* more costly, since people won't work unless they are paid substantially more, after taxes, than they can get from tax-free welfare and unemployment benefits. If the added cost is financed by printing money it will be directly inflationary; if financed by higher taxes or borrowing, it will contract private production and employment. Besides, there is no reason to suppose that most of those employed by this new law would otherwise be eligible for welfare or unemployment benefits. And those few who might otherwise be unemployed will have less time to search for productive jobs which would add to the supply of marketable goods and services.

We will, however, end up with more government offices to house all those paper-shuffling bureaucrats that Congress is planning on adding in the near future.

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Go North, Young Man

In a soon-to-be published book, *The New England States*, Washington journalist Neil Peirce gives the Establishment view nicely: "When one looks at New Hampshire public life over most of the years since World War II, one finds an appallingly smug and uncreative atmosphere, and in many cases the prototype among the fifty states of the unresponsive and irresponsible society. . . . In an early 1970s study of the tax system of the various states, awarding 'bonus' points for well-balanced revenue structures and progressivity in taxation, New Hampshire received a incredibly low 3.3 points out of a possible 100, compared to 74 for Vermont and 45 for Maine. No other state received less than 16 points in the study . . ."

Thus the conventional view.

In an effort to determine just how bad things are in New Hampshire, two Dartmouth College economists, Colin and Rosemary Campbell, compared New Hampshire's cost of government and quality of life with that of its neighbor, Vermont, which as we have seen is considered a paragon of progressive taxation, whacking its residents with, among other things, a state income tax of 28.5 per cent of the federal income tax.

The economists inform us: "Contrary to the belief that broad-based taxes [sales and income] will reduce property taxes, this has not been the case in Vermont. Latest available figures show a resident of New Hampshire pays 6.2 per cent of his personal income for property taxes, a Vermonter pays 6.6 per cent.

"New Hampshire's total state and local taxes cost 13.4 per cent of personal income; Vermont's, 19.9 per cent.

"New Hampshire's expenditures on education cost 6.6 per cent of personal income; Vermont's, 9.6 per cent.

"New Hampshire's expenditures on public welfare cost 2.0 per cent; Vermont's, 3.1 per cent."

What about the quality of life? The educational achievement of adults in each state is the same: a median of 12.2 years of schooling. In a comparison of the latest available Scholastic Aptitude Tests, taken by high school students seeking admission to college, New Hampshire students performed better than their Vermont peers.

What about the quality of welfare? The Campbells studied two-, three-, and four-person families. Only in the last case did Vermont treat its welfare recipients more generously than New Hampshire.

All in all, rather convincing evidence that life in New Hampshire—the 47th most heavily taxed state in the nation—compares quite favorably with Vermont—the third most heavily taxed state. Vermont illustrates the familiar maxim that expenditure rises to the level of income. No wonder that of all the states in the Northeast, only backward, smug, and uncreative New Hampshire has increased its population more than 10 per cent in the past ten years, and attracts an increasing number of investors and businesses.

New Construction

I'll vote the Grand Old Party
  I guess you can assume,
Although I'd really rather
  Observe it go ka-*boom*;
Then I'd collect the pieces
  Just like a little mouse,
And cart them through the woodwork
  To build a right-wing house.

W. H. VON DREELE

Out but Not Down

As if bankruptcy weren't enough for one year, the British drought has now reached catastrophic proportions and threatens to reduce at least southern England and Wales to desert. The "London Diary" of the Times *(London) sent one of its well-known experts (the other, whose fields are science, sociology, and politics, is P. H. Simpliegesswerke) to survey the situation. His report proves that if England is out, she is not yet down:*

Justow Serious, my agriculture correspondent, reports:

Fred Peart, Minister of Agriculture, was moved to tears when he toured drought-hit farms in the West Country yesterday. They were the first drops of water to fall on the parched fields for many months, but farmers said they were far too few and too late.

"He should have come here and cried in June, when it could really have done some good," Sir Hart Rending, President of the local Farmers' Union, said.

Trudging forlornly through the dusty fields, Peart declared: "Look at this frazzled, skinny specimen. It's pitiable."

"That," Sir Hart explained, "is one of our underpaid farm hands. The crops are pretty pathetic too."

Farmers are demanding heavy compensation for the losses they have suffered in the drought. They want a straight, tax-free payment from the government based not on the acreage they have planted, but on the acreage they would have planted had they known they were going to get a straight, tax-free payment based on it. In addition, they are seeking the devaluation of the Green Pound (soon to be the Brown Pound because of the dry conditions).

"And looking to the longer term," Sir Hart said, "we want a guaranteed inflation-proof income of at least £20,000 a year, plus free beer. Then we can give up this dirty and uncertain business of farming altogether, and put our feet up."

Peart has promised to discuss all these demands with

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his officials, but he has warned that whatever happens will mean an increase of prices to the housewife, and to some men as well. "But the last thing I want," he said, "is for people to run out and start panic-buying canned and frozen vegetables, or anything like that."

The appeal was reinforced by Sir Arthur Poundplease, president of the Grocer's Federation. "We urge people not to panic-buy," he declared, "but we confidently expect that they will ignore our plea now that we have given them the idea. This is certain to lead to shortages, higher prices, and immense profits for my members."

Notes & Asides

■ Memo to: WFB
From: Priscilla

Do you agree that we shouldn't run your columns in this issue? 1) You were on a week's vacation, giving us only half as many to choose from. 2) The columns you wrote were on the Convention, which is magnificently covered by James Jackson Kilpatrick. D'accord?

Pitts: Okay. And anyway, it always makes me feel safer to be home, sick in bed, when the alternative is a beauty contest with the great Kilpo. Bill

■ Dear Bill:

Back at the Strand Book Store the other day, I found and bought a well-marked-up copy of *McCarthy and His Enemies* whose previous owner was—yes!—Richard H. Rovere! In fact it was the very copy he read in order to write his review for *The Reporter*, as I have ascertained from jottings within. I haven't studied it closely yet, so I can't say whether Rovere, in his heart of hearts, found you and Brent Bozell as deeply congenial as he was later to find James Burnham; but so far my impression is that he disapproved much more than he disagreed. That's always the way with these liberals. Joe [Sobran]

■ Dear Mr. Buckley,

The most important aspect of the 1976 Democratic Convention has been entirely overlooked by the media, despite the fact that the media is so closely concerned. I refer to the amazing changes in our language that have been in progress for some years—not quite unnoticed, it is true, but surely not fully appreciated.

The Democrats have always claimed to be the party of change and of the future, and in this obscure field their claim has been justified; viz.:

SPECIFICITY—courtesy of Mo Udall. There is some debate as to the true role of this exciting new word; Mr. Udall seems to favor the sense of "exactitude."

TECHNICOLOGICAL—from the less subtle Abraham Beame.

MYOPTIC—from Party Chairman Robert Strauss. An obvious attempt to make the meaning of the word clearer to mean intelligences.

SUBSTANTIVE—from Frank Church. Replaces the archaic "substantial."

EMPHIS or EMPHYS—the desibilization (to coin a word) of "emphasis," from Senator from Space John Glenn.

ELEMENTAL—another in the same vein from Stylist Church, outmoding the more cumbersome "elementary."

PRIORETIZE—by Ellen McCormack. Crisp, snappy, with all the sex-appeal of the enormously successful "destruct."

In a different category, we note Governor Hugh Carey's splendid example of a figure of speech whose name escapes me, "they never seem to remember what we will not let them forget."

Democrats have good reason to be proud of the direction in which their party is leading our language, but why, why did they leave it to the Republicans to do something with "conventional"?

Yours, etc.,
Philip Wainwright
Corona del Mar, Calif.

■ Dear Billic:

Silly Question #1: Is there a difference between Democratic and democratic?

Silly Question #2: Is there a difference between Democrat and democrat?

Then why?

An ic before the big D I could tolerate.

Sincerely,
Andrei Koven
Supreme Exaulted President
PTUI FAD
(People Together to Unstick Ic from after Democrat)
Bethel, Conn.

Dear Mr. Koven: As far as we're concerned, it's the Democratic Party, the alternative sounding phoney-baloney. —WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Recently I attended dedication ceremonies for a new sports complex at one of our large universities. Above the main entrance, sculpted in stone, stood the time-worn motto: "*Persona sana in corpore sano.*"

Needless to say, the ceremonies ended with a rousing chorus of the "Battle Her of the Republic."

Sincerely yours,
Sean E. Sullivan
New York, N.Y.
—WFB

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Lenin's Legacy

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

THE STATEMENT ISSUED June 30 at the close of the East Berlin conference of the 29 European Communist parties contains the following passage: "The parties participating in the conference . . . will develop their internationalist, comradely, and voluntary cooperation and solidarity on the basis of the great ideas of Marx, Engels, and Lenin."

Among the participating parties were the Italian, French, and Spanish, each represented by its leading official—Enrico Berlinguer, Georges Marchais, and Santiago Carrillo.

Everyone who has dealt with Communists knows the meticulous attention they give to the wording of any documents they sign. It is no accident, as they say, when they identify the "great ideas" on which their solidarity is based as those of the specific trio, "Marx, Engels, and Lenin."

"Marx and Engels" raises no problem. Marx and Engels are universally recognized as the "fathers of socialism"—of all forms of modern socialism, revolutionary and reformist, dictatorial and democratic.

"Lenin" is something else again. Only one category of political parties includes Lenin among its forebears: Communist parties. In the estimate of both disciples and enemies, the distinctive elements of Lenin's legacy are two: the theory of the party and the theory of the state.

On to October

Lenin first elaborated his theory of the party in his book, *What Is to Be Done?*, published in 1902 as a polemic against the reformist tendency in the Marxist-socialist movement. To bring about socialism, he states, the socialists (i.e., his kind of socialists) must create a party that will be "a new kind of army," with the internal discipline and centralized command of an army. Its active members (the "cadres") must be "professional revolutionists," subject to the discipline of the central command wherever they serve—in factory or parliament, party administrative post or government office.

The new kind of army is, historically, "the vanguard of the working class" (the "progressive class" in modern history) and expresses the "true interests" of the workers (even if they are not themselves aware of this).

The most famous expression of Lenin's theory of the state is the pamphlet *State and Revolution*, which he began when in hiding after the "July days" in 1917, but broke off (and never finished) when called back to Russia on the eve of the insurrection.

Lenin upheld an uncompromising version of Marx's "class theory" of the state (or government). The class theory rejects the traditional concept of the state as the political expression of the "general interest," of the people and society as a whole. On the contrary, the state is simply "the executive committee of the dominant class" (or, conceivably, classes). Its function is to serve the interests of the dominant class; the structure and processes of its laws, courts, police, army, prisons, etc. are designed to serve this purpose.

True socialism cannot, therefore, be constructed by the existing (exploitative) state, which must be replaced by a new state form. The new state, too, will be a class dictatorship, but a dictatorship of the progressive class—the workers—over and against the exploiters, destined to build the classless society that will mean the end ("withering away") of the state.

However, the workers are marked by the stigmata of capitalism. In practice, the revolutionary party, the vanguard of the workers, must exercise the dictatorship.

If we contemplate the implications of these two "great ideas" of Lenin's, we will realize that it won't be so easy—quite apart from the question of the Soviet connection—for Comrades Berlinguer, Marchais, and Carrillo to transform their organizations into peaceful, pluralist, democratic parties even if that is in truth their intent.

From Lenin's two key theories it follows that the internal regime of a Communist party is authoritarian and anti-democratic. The anti-democratic logic requires, as the Bolsheviks discovered, prohibition of factions within the party.

From the two theories combined follows the necessity of outlawing genuine opposition parties in making the shift to a new form of the state that can build true socialism. Since the Communist party, and the Communist party only, represents the true interest of the workers, the socialist revolution, and "people's democracy," any genuine opposition party must be counter-revolutionary and in the true sense anti-democratic. It must therefore be cleared out of the path toward the classless society. The internal party regime is, inevitably, the model for the regime of the state it rules.

The theory of the state makes explicit the fact that a Leninist party's objective in "taking power" has nothing in common with the normal democratic party's aim of taking charge of the established government. Leninists are committed to the overthrow (in due course if not immediately) of the established system of government: to a political revolution as well as the economic and social revolution defined by Marx and Engels. The odds that this combined revolution would involve violence are exceedingly high: violence could be avoided only if all non-Communists remained totally passive.

Signs and Portents

In every nation where Communists have taken power—there are now a couple of dozen, comprising more than a third of mankind—the Leninist logic has held. Who says A must say B.

And the contrapositive then also holds: Who says not-B must say not-A. That is to say, if Berlinguer & Co. are really going to turn democratic, they will have to break with the essence of Leninism. If they begin to do so in fact, it will be easy to see the signs. As starters they could, for example: 1) open up the internal regime of their parties to genuine (not merely cosmetic) critics and dissidents, and to opposition tendencies and factions; 2) undertake—in public—a re-examination of Lenin's theory of the state along with a review of the actual functioning of Communist governments in practice; 3) stop including the name of Lenin in their family tree. □

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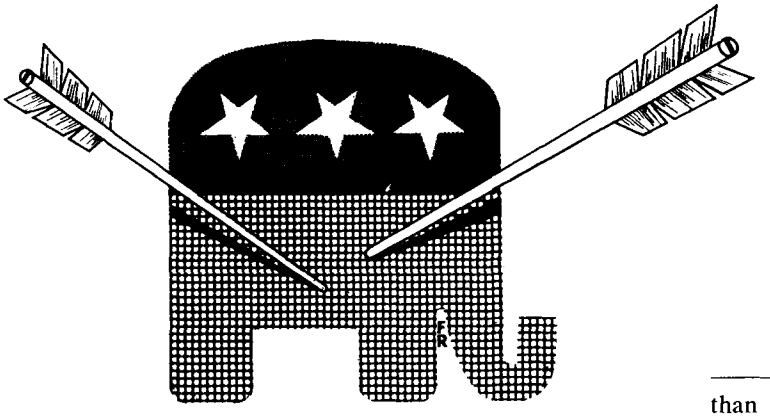
Will The Republican Party Survive Kansas City?



It was a first-class Convention, with all the elements of good drama—sorrow, exultation, tears, comedy, suspense. But what now? With prodigious effort, the battle itself may yet be won

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

As it turned out, Gerald Ford won the delegates' nomination. Ronald Reagan won their hearts. And Rocky won the white Princess phone. The Republicans' Kansas City clambake was a first-class Convention. It had all the elements of good drama—sorrow, exultation, comedy, suspense, a fine curtain at the end. It had its tedium, too, but compared to the recent Democratic yawn, this was a very superior show.

Nine months ago, nothing so rousing was foreseen. Ford had announced his candidacy in July of 1975. Reagan waited until November. The Washington press corps, which is naturally the fount of all wisdom, gazed upon the Reagan statement with benign disdain. To be sure, we know that Reagan had served two terms as governor of California; he had acquired a certain reputation as a conservative spellbinder; but he was little more than an aging ex-movie actor. He was not one of us. The general feeling was that Ford would knock him off without working up a sweat. *Time* magazine gave him only "an outside chance." Scotty Reston scoffed at "this amusing but frivolous Reagan fantasy."

That feeling evaporated swiftly. Few of the national correspondents had covered either of Reagan's two campaigns for governor—the first in 1966, when he won by nearly a million votes, the second in 1970, when he beat Jesse Unruh by 500,000. By mid-January of this year, the skeptical media critics had had a chance to see Reagan in action in New Hampshire. He left them stunned. By mid-February it was apparent that Ford was in serious trouble.

Reagan was quickly in trouble too. For good or ill, he revived a proposal he had advanced on September 26, 1975, before the Executive Club in Chicago. He proposed "nothing less than a systematic transfer of authority and resources to the states—a program of creative federalism for America's third century." If all his proposals were implemented, the "potential savings to the taxpayer would reduce the outlay of the Federal Government by more than $90 billion, using the spending levels of fiscal 1976."

Democrat Jimmy Carter, asked for comment, called the plan "ridiculous." Washington newsmen expressed incredulity. Evans & Novak called Reagan's $90-billion proposal a "heavy burden that has become the secret worry of his political managers." Reagan found himself abruptly on the defensive. Closely examined, his proposal was no more than a recommendation for gradual decentralization of power—a recommendation both parties would approve in their platforms. Unhappily, the rigors of the campaign trail permit little time for close examination. Voters are geared to the brevity of a bumper sticker. Reagan's carefully qualified proposition became the "$90-billion cut," and he was stuck with it.

It is hard to say, looking back, whether the $90-billion furore accounted for the final tally in New Hampshire. Ford's own plodding campaign may have been more of a factor. When they added up the vote on the night of February 25, the count was Ford 54,824, Reagan 53,507. The margin of 1,317 votes amounted to precisely one percentage point: Ford 50.6, Reagan 49.4 per cent.

This was the first time Gerald Ford had run for office beyond the borders of the Fifth Congressional District of Michigan. It was a crucial test for him. He was, after all, the sitting President of the United States. To have lost New Hampshire would have been unrelieved disaster. Ford's victory was not much of a victory, but from his point of view it was vastly better than losing.

Reagan let Massachusetts and Vermont go by default on March 2, in order to concentrate on Florida's primary of March 9. Reagan should have won in Florida. Ten days before the primary his people were confidently predicting victory. Perhaps they succumbed to the most fatal of all campaign ailments—the virus of over-confidence. Or perhaps Reagan's misunderstood comments on the shortcomings of the Social Security system frightened the old folks. The count was Ford 318,844, Reagan 282,618, a plump

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53 to 47 margin for the President. That margin, said *Congressional Quarterly*, "casts doubt on the future of the Reagan campaign."

The news was even worse for Reagan a week later in Illinois. There it was Ford 450,812, Reagan 307,305. Despite hard campaigning, Reagan won barely a third of the votes in Cook County; he did poorly in suburban areas; only in the downstate counties was his showing respectable. Ford's own momentum had been slowed by the resignation of his campaign manager, Bo Callaway, but with five victories in a row the President now looked unbeatable. From the Ford camp came friendly suggestions that Reagan throw in the sponge.

Then came North Carolina on March 23, and it all turned around. The mover and shaker for Reagan was Senator Jesse Helms, whose shrewd understanding of the uses of television proved decisive. To the amazement of practically everyone, except for Helms himself, the count was Reagan 100,984, Ford 88,249. This was Ford's first defeat on the trail, and it shook his campaign managers.

Ford recovered with a convincing victory in Wisconsin on April 6. Reagan conceded Pennsylvania on April 27. As of May 1, this was the picture: Ford had won seven of the eight primaries; the Ford organization was tightening up; Reagan's campaign was desperately short of money. Once again, the referees were counting Reagan out.

He may have been down, but he wasn't out. Reagan took Texas, Georgia, Indiana, and Nebraska solidly. Then Ford took West Virginia, Maryland, and Michigan. Reagan swamped the President in Arkansas, Idaho, and Nevada, while Ford claimed Kentucky, Oregon, and, by an eyelash, Tennessee. That left six to go; the candidates divided them three–three. At the trail's end on June 8, Ford had won 16 of the 26 primaries, Reagan had won ten. Ford had 889 delegates, Reagan had 839. It was that close.

Over the next two months, the candidates furiously wooed the uncommitted and the unchosen. Ford put to use his incumbency, clumsily but effectively. Reagan sent out raiding parties; they returned with very few scalps. Yet Reagan kept picking up a few here, a few there. By July 26—a date to remember—Reagan actually was in the lead. The delegate count showed 1,057 for Reagan, 1,026 for Ford, and 176 still uncommitted.

It was on July 26, you will recall, that Reagan announced his choice of Senator Richard Schweiker as his prospective running-mate. This correspondent termed the move a blunder. My brother Bill Buckley thought more highly of it. The Young Americans for Freedom gulped and swallowed. The American Conservative Union balked altogether. John Sears, Reagan's campaign manager, insisted to the bitter end that Schweiker had done them no harm: "I am very pleased with the effects of the Schweiker announcement."

The figures speak for themselves. The 176 uncommitted delegates were scattered among 16 states. The bulk of them were in New Jersey, Mississippi, Pennsylvania, New York, and West Virginia. The hope was that Schweiker would please the party liberals and not grossly offend the party conservatives. It was a desperate gamble; it may not have been a necessary gamble. In any event, it lost.

There were then 24 uncommitted delegates in Schweiker's own state of Pennsylvania. In the showdown at Kansas City, Reagan got one of them only. Reagan had hoped to hold Mississippi's thirty; he wound up with 14. Of the 66 technically uncommitted in New Jersey, Reagan finally won four. Of 11 in New York, Reagan got two. Reagan took none at all of the uncommitteds in Colorado, Hawaii, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, North Dakota, Virginia, and Wyoming. Worse still, he actually lost delegates in four states that previously had been counted in his column. In sum, between July 26 (the Schweiker announcement) and August 18 (the vote in Kansas City), Reagan gained 29 and lost 16 for a net gain of 13. Ford, meanwhile, lost the 29 but gained 190 for a net gain of 161. There went the old ball game.

And then there was Schweiker. In that last misjudgment, Reagan lost his purity; he was no longer Galahad in quest of the Holy Grail, but Lancelot panting for Guinevere

By all the familiar rules of presidential politics, Ford should never have had a problem. You have to look back to 1884, when the Republicans rejected the incumbent Chester A. Arthur, to find a precedent for a party's turning out its own man. The advantages of presidential incumbency are simply enormous: Air Force One, the retinue of powerful companions, the aura of the office, the total recognition of name and position. Beyond the Potomac and the Hudson we are not so sophisticated, not so urbane; millions of American fathers still will lift a child to their shoulders to see the President as he passes by. Ford had an image as a decent and honorable man presiding unflappably over a nation at peace. The remarkable thing is not that Ford won, but that Ford so nearly lost.

The observation can be reversed: The other remarkable thing about the Republican nomination is not that Reagan lost, but that he so nearly won. Scotty Reston's amusing and frivolous candidate proved to be a superlative campaigner. This was not merely a matter of his actor's skill in timing and delivery. Reagan's sincerity glowed from within. He *meant* what he said.

Reagan suffered from a couple of handicaps he couldn't do much about. One was Ford's incumbency; the other was a shortage of money at critical points, brought on by the long freeze on federal campaign funds. Other burdens were of his own contriving. The $90-billion flap probably cost him 600 or 700 votes in tax-conscious New Hampshire. He got tangled with Social Security in septuagenarian Florida. He "considered" the sale of TVA just before Tennessee. He rekindled old fires of apprehension by giving a hypothetical answer to a hypothetical question about sending troops to Rhodesia. He needlessly fumbled his facts in the matter of the Panama Canal. Said Barry Goldwater: "I have to support the Ford position of renegotiation of the treaty. So would Ron, if he knew more about it." And then there was Schweiker. In that last misjudgment, no matter how plausible it seemed in conception, Reagan lost his purity; he was no longer Galahad in quest of the Holy Grail, but Lancelot panting for Guinevere;

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he played into the hands of political gamesmen whose sport is to have the enginer hoist with his own petar. As Kurt Vonnegut is so fond of saying: Hi ho.

Thus came we to Kansas City, the Queen of the Midwest, on a relatively balmy Sunday afternoon. A cumulus regatta tacked slowly by. In the lobby of the Muehlebach Hotel, one of the famed old hostelries of the hinterlands, forty or fifty Convention-goers were milling around, but except for a vision of loveliness visibly committed to Buckley for President, most of the millers were oldsters committed to Ford.

Hotel accommodations were a problem. The Republican Convention attracted some 30,000 visitors, three-fourths of them recently disgorged from the flesh-pots of Manhattan. New York had swallowed us up. Kansas City could not quite get its arms around the mob. Some of the guests were quartered as far away as Lenexa and Topeka. By no very remarkable coincidence, because the Ford people were in charge of arrangements, some of the Reagan delegations wound up on the Kansas prairies.

But Kansas City knocked itself out for this Convention. During the whole of the hectic week, as the temperature climbed up into the 90s, the locals treated their sweating and fractious guests with a cheerful kindness beyond compare. New York had been on its best behavior. Kansas City was on its normal behavior. The cops were deferential, the room clerks were friendly.

Thus encouraged, the delegates and their hangers-on rose to the occasion. Except for the Wednesday night awfulness, a splendid decorum prevailed. Across from the Muehlebach, the Dirty Movie House attracted few customers; down the street the Danish Porn Shoppe languished for want of business. Almost no one was visibly plastered. The Republican delegates had an average age of 49, six years older than the Democrats. Only 7 per cent were under thirty. Three-quarters of the Republicans were Protestants, 55 per cent of them had family incomes above $30,000, and 62 per cent of them described themselves as "somewhat conservative" or "very conservative." No wonder the hookers had problems.

On the Sunday afternoon before the Convention convened, the powerful Rules Committee met at the Muehlebach. The Committee is always known as the powerful Rules Committee, out of the same tradition that demanded, in the bygone days of baseball in Washington, that one always refer to the hapless Senators. The Committee had just finished its vote on what would become known as "the 16(c) amendment," sponsored by the Reagan forces in an effort to flush out Ford's vice presidential choice. A correspondent inquired of Ford's chief lieutenant, Dean Burch, how things were going.

"We kicked the bejeebers out of them," said he. Only he did not say bejeebers, exactly.

SUNDAY's principal action turned on the arrival of the two contenders at their hotels, Ford at the Crown Center, Reagan at the Alameda Plaza. These festive occasions roughly coincided. The correspondent who picked the Reagan rally found a crowd of perhaps 1,500 occupying a steep embankment overlooking the hotel entrance. Signs were in full summer blossom: Youth for Reagan, Mothers for Reagan, Irish for O'Reagan, Farmers for Reagan, and Win This for the Gipper. And so on. A chorus line of thirty Reaganettes, decked out in blue skirts and white blouses, kicked, whooped, and tipped their boaters.

At 6:05 the candidate himself arrived, wearing a tan suit, a brown tie, and his aw shucks look. Senator Paul Laxalt assured the partisans that Reagan would win on Wednesday night and beat the stuffings out of Carter in November. Senator Schweiker, leaning into the mike like an ice skater in a high wind, declared that he had surprises in store: "Tonight we'll turn this Convention upside down."

Alas, this was plainly news to Reagan himself, a truthful man, who acknowledged that in terms of fresh-caught delegates he had in his creel but two. Reagan whipped up the crowd with attacks on the irresponsible Congress. He said that only the tooth fairy could pay for the Democrats' promises. He said he hadn't gotten into the race to win a nomination but to win an election. And through the whole of these colorful exercises, a brooding presence could be perceived on a fourth-floor balcony. It was Pierre Salinger, gazing like Nero upon the doomed Christians below, sipping champagne and smoking a long cigar.

Ford, meanwhile, was engaged in the same mystic rites at the Crown Center, a mile or so away. He drew a larger crowd, if one could judge from the TV replay, and he made the identical assertions, as to his own prospects, that had just been made by his foe.

The Convention convened precisely at the appointed hour of 10:30 A.M. on Monday. Most of the correspondents, making judicious comparisons, found Kemper Arena better by far than Madison Square Garden. At the Garden, seats for reporters, alternates, guests, and other such riff-raff could be reached only with the aid of ropes, pitons, base camps, and veteran Nepalese guides. Here the seats were readily accessible.

The Reverend Invoker, Episcopal Bishop Arthur A. Vogel, got in what appeared to be a dig at Jimmy Carter, but it may not have been intended that way. "Use us for Your purposes," the bishop asked God, "and keep us from trying to use You for ours." Hi ho.

The oratory that followed was 92 per cent pure blather,

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but the 8 per cent was fairly tolerable stuff. Karl Rove, speaking for the college Republicans, tore into the Democrats with much verve and passion. He was the first of eight speakers to invoke the shade of Abraham Lincoln, the only Republican President, with the sole exception of Eisenhower, whose name could be safely mentioned. Robert S. Carter, co-chairman of the National Committee, said that Jimmy Carter had already gotten away with one of the slipperiest shell games in history, "and with peanut shells, yet."

Brother Robert Carter, to his credit, did provide a nice formulation of basic Republican philosophy: "A belief that every American should be able to earn his own way and, having done so, to enjoy the fruits of his labor as he wishes." Not bad. He had another good line. He recalled that Truman had run against a do-nothing Congress. "Our candidate will run this year against a do-anything Congress."

But before matters could get embarrassingly out of hand, Gentleman Jim had the good sense to blow the whistle. The boomlet collapsed

Nothing much happened on Monday afternoon. The news, such as it was, swirled around the Buckley caper. This was the fledgling bid of Senator James L. Buckley of New York, pumped up by Senator Helms and by Congressman Phil Crane of Illinois. It was a fledgling bid that never was born to fly. The general idea was that if thirty or forty Ford delegates could be persuaded to cast a stalling vote for Buckley on the first ballot, the Convention would have to go to a second ballot; and if the Convention went to a second ballot, the presumptively unhappy delegates who were committed to Ford on the first ballot might then swarm to Reagan instead. Crane spent Monday afternoon busily puffing at this pipedream, but before matters could get embarrassingly out of hand, Gentleman Jim had the good sense to blow the whistle. The boomlet collapsed.

Senator Buckley's statement of withdrawal was a gem of purest ray serene. "I request no one to vote for me," said the Senator, "just to get the nimbus off the horizon." No one knew what nimbus meant, but his meaning was not obscure. He was out.

We reconvened at 7 o'clock Monday evening. The AP count had it Ford 1,119, Reagan 1,035, and 105 still uncommitted. CBS had the President already over the top: Ford 1,132, Reagan 1,038, 89 uncommitted. CBS had its eye on the ball. The evening's Reverend Invoker chose a text from Isaiah. In the confusion, some of the press box theologians thought he was preaching from Isaiah 53, but chapter 53 plainly deals with Richard Nixon, and we must have got it wrong. Nixon was the non-person at this Convention.

After that we blathered on for a quite considerable time. The madam chairwoman had a Brillo voice and Carborundum tonsils. The governor of South Carolina poured a little Southern oil on troubled waters. The Vice President of the United States, the Honorable Rocky, emerged on the rostrum to the tune of "Sweet Georgia Brown," a mystifying musical selection. Mr. Rockefeller, whose talents in the role of Haystack McGoon were as yet unrevealed, gargled and snorted quite acceptably. We had a moment of pathos when Rocky yielded to Barry Goldwater. The Arizonan is only 67, but pain has aged him in recent months. The crowd stood and applauded the two old warriors, but Goldwater stood so far from the mike that he could barely be heard and the hubbub soon resumed. Goldwater's 19-minute speech, incidentally, deserved a more attentive hearing. It wasn't great Goldwater—not the Goldwater of 1964—but it was good Goldwater: "I have seen Mr. Carter's future,' he said, "and it is Lyndon Johnson's past." A good line.

The hall quieted down for the first time when Senator Buckley came on, quoting Lincoln, to introduce the evening's keynote speaker. This was Senator Howard Baker of Tennessee, an engaging and affable fellow, whose effort we graded B-plus. In his struggle to engage the attention of the murmuring crowd, the Senator inserted a hundred "my friends" and "you knows" into his text, much as one lards a dry piece of beef. He gave the Democrats what for, charging them with all the offenses so recently imputed by the Democrats to the Republicans.

The American Conservative Union threw a fine luncheon at the Ad Club for members of the conservative conspiracy. More than 350 of the visiting ultras turned out to whoop and holler for Jesse Helms, M. Stanton Evans, and Governor Jim Edwards. Congressman Bob Bauman of Maryland got off the best crack, aimed at the battered Rocky. "We have come to Armageddon to do battle for the Lord," said Brother Bauman, "but it is awfully hard to do battle for the Vice Lord."

The principal speaker for the occasion was William F. Buckley Jr., whose vice presidential strength was yet to be displayed. Had the assembled conspirators not been so mesmerized by the rich cadences of the Buckley speech—our leader is scored for the bass viol vibrato—they might have benefited from some very sound advice. Brother Bill, like the last Southerner to speak before the firing on Fort Sumter, warned his hosts against secession. We must pursue principle, he said, but we ought not to pursue principle over a cliff. To live is to maneuver. We must make such compromises as are necessary, provided we make no compromises that undermine the meaning of our cause. It would be an act of "singular petulance" to engage in the kind of sulking that might deliver the White House to Carter. Alas, these wise admonitions, to judge from their enthusiastic reception, seemed to be not wholly understood. The secessionist fever was still running high when we left.

THE TUESDAY evening session opened at 7:00 on the nose, the Honorable Robert J. Dole presiding. We would hear him again later on. Gordon MacRae sang the National Anthem as the National Anthem should be sung, *presto*, with splendid panache. Everybody sang along. Congressman Al Quie invoked us nicely. Betty Ford appeared at 7:45, setting off a rousing demonstration. John Connally came on at 8:02. He equated this Republican Convention of 1976 with the Continental Congress of 1776, a large equation, and except for one excellent passage in which he warned soberly of one-party domination, his speech was downhill the rest of the way. He subsided at 8:29, having struggled gamely against the rising storm in the hall, and suddenly all hell broke loose.

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Nothing in particular set off the warring forces. The ;agan camp, sensing impending defeat, raised the howl of a ɔusand coyotes. The Ford people, reveling in imminent umph, howled as lustily back. Chairman Dole, pounding ; gavel, might have been cracking pecans in a barroom awl. After 12 minutes of splendid uproar, Dole signaled Professor Manny Harmon, the music director, to render iod Bless America." The professor obliged, *fortissimo*, th the trumpets triple-tonguing on the "home suh-weeeeet me." The hordes let out one last whoop and subsided.

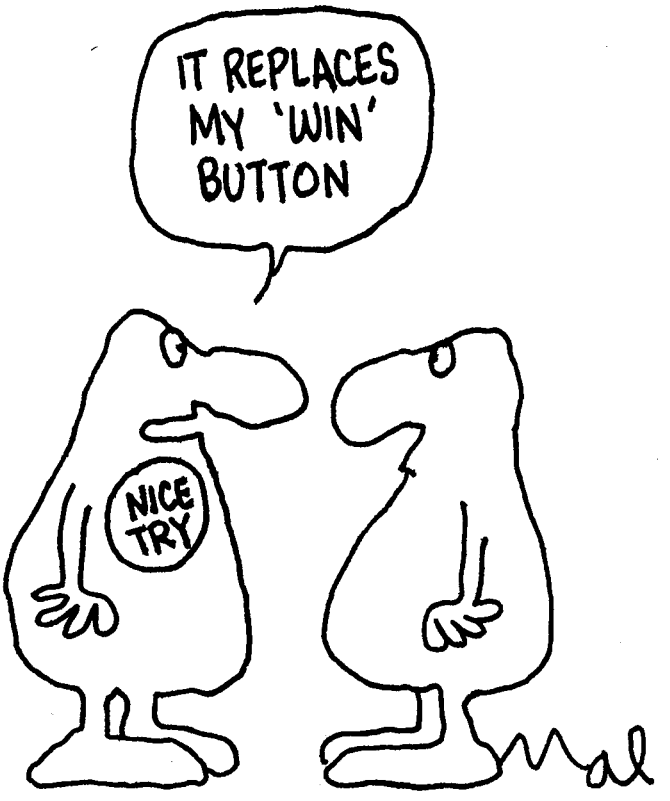
WHEREUPON we got to 16(c). This is what it was all out. Reagan had anointed Schweiker on July 26, and had ffered horribly in consequence. John Sears, Reagan's resi-nt magician, had contrived the trick of the week. Let us ıend the rules, said Sears, so that Ford will have to an-unce his running-mate before the roll is called Wednesday ght. Thus it was proposed to add a new section to Rule , reading in part as follows:

"All persons seeking to be nominated for President shall nounce to the Convention, and file with its Secretary, a claration stating who he or she will recommend as the :e presidential nominee. This declaration shall be filed by 00 A.M. on the day on which the nomination for President held."

This was the amendment out of which the Ford forces, committee on Sunday, had kicked the bejeebers. The te in committee was 59 to 44; it signaled Reagan's end. ıat signal had been reconfirmed during the day on Tues-y, when Mississippi's delegation voted 31 to 28 to oppose e amendment, and to cast a unit-rule thirty votes against This was the crusher. If Mississippi's thirty votes had ne the other way, the course of the Convention might nceivably have been changed; the 16(c) amendment ight have carried, and if Ford had thus been compelled identify Dole at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning, who ıows? The eaglet that was Jim Buckley might have been rn again.

Delegates have the sure instincts of spawning salmon. ith the news of Mississippi's decision, they swam in hools to Jerry Ford. The rules fight began at 8:49 Tues-ıy night. It was 12:18 before the Convention got to the xt piece of business. The three and a half hours of tumult w Betty Ford dancing with Tony Orlando. We saw Nancy eagan, a great lady, waving gently in response. We heard God Bless America" played six times as a shut-up song. ıe Ford people booed the Reagan spokesmen, and the eagan people booed the Ford spokesmen. It was like Sun-ıy afternoon at a Redskins' game.

In the midst of the tumult, Vice President Rockefeller ınd the conduct of a placard-waving North Carolinian in ont of him, Jack C. D. Bailey by name, to be unbearably fensive. The Vice President then seized, grabbed, snatched, ıptured, or merely "took" the placard and thrust it be-eath his seat. A passing delegate from Utah, Douglas G. ischoff, 49, remonstrated with the Right Honorable gentle-an. Richard M. Rosenbaum, the New York chairman, ıen bumped Brother Bischoff. Brother Bischoff laid violent ands upon the Vice President's private telephone and rked it loose from its moorings. Mr. Rockefeller retrieved ıe trophy for mounting. The vote on 16(c) was 1,063 for, 180 against. Hi ho.



That was it. The rest, until the final hour Thursday night, was mostly anticlimax. Like the credentials fight between Taft and Eisenhower at Chicago in 1952, the rules fight of 1976 was the critical test. When Reagan lost 16(c), he lost the nomination. Wednesday night's tumultuous Ford-Reagan roll call saw the shift of only seven votes, net, from Ford to Reagan. The final vote was Ford 1,187; Reagan 1,070; one for Elliot Richardson; one abstaining.

The angry and frustrated Reaganites did themselves no good, and doubtless did the party much harm, by the week's only show of mean-spirited madness. They came to the hall Wednesday night equipped with two-foot plastic horns, having the pitch of a swarm of bees, and these the Reaganites blew with obnoxious zeal. The Reaganites filibustered with the horns until prime time for Ford ran out in the East. It was an appalling spectacle to see a prospective leader of the free Western world chosen in combat by two-foot kazoos.

At 11:30 o'clock Thursday morning, Reagan bade farewell to his staff. "We lost," he said, "but the cause—the cause goes on." Nancy turned her face and wept. At noon the President announced his surprising choice of Dole, a choice dictated by both circumstance and temperament. The circumstance was that Ford, at that moment, could not have named a liberal in the mold of Elliot Richardson without provoking outright mutiny from the Reagan camp. The temperament involved Ford's yearning for old-shoe compatibility. Ford is by nature a man of the House; so is Dole, even though he is now serving his second term in the Senate.

Thursday night the Convention confirmed the Dole selection, but the confirmation was notably cool. More than 100 delegates abstained, another 103 voted for Jesse Helms. Twenty-eight undeclared non-candidates inherited 132 votes among them. Bill Buckley had four. So did John Connally.

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Senator Schweiker had two. At 11:30 EST, prime time having again expired, Gerald Ford delivered the best speech of his life. Ronald Reagan topped it. And we adjourned *sine die*.

What now? Some of the inconsolable Reagan supporters will not be consoled. Some of them, especially in the South, will rump off to the American Party, to the Libertarian Party, to Jimmy Carter, or to the newborn American Independent Party. Other disappointed conservatives will stay home and sulk, or work for local and congressional Republicans only. But unless my guess is altogether wrong, the vast bulk of those who regard themselves as conservatives, whether they are Republicans, Democrats, or independents, in the end will unite behind Ford.

Well before the leaves fall, we will find out how sensitive that skin is. We will discover whether Jimmy Carter's iron control is truly durable iron or brittle plastic

This is partly because of the record of Ford, partly because of the nature of Jimmy Carter. Well before the leaves fall, we are likely to know a good deal more than we know now about the workings of the reverend gentleman's mind. We will find out how sensitive that skin is. We will discover whether that iron control is truly durable iron or brittle plastic. The reverend gentleman is taking the South for granted; with the naming of Dole, Carter publicly supposed that Ford had "conceded" the Southern states. Given that supposition, Carter almost certainly will move to the left in an effort to tighten his hold upon labor and upon liberals generally.

Meanwhile, the appeal of the Old Reliable is likely to gain. The Ford record, in the conservative view, is not that bad. Yes, he has named a batch of moderate liberals to his Administration; yes, he has turned around on a dozen issues. But the economy is visibly improving; the nation is at peace; and if we still have serious problems of unemployment, the country, for the most part, is muddling contentedly along. If the threat of one-party rule under Carter is to be dispelled, it can be dispelled only by uniting behind Ford. Most conservative disgrunts, once they weary of futile bellyaching, will see it that way.

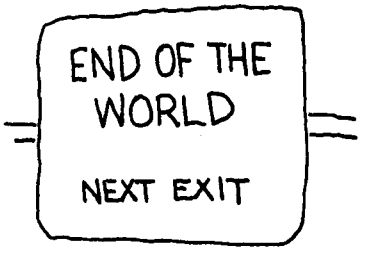
What are the prospects of Ford's winning in November? Not good, but not impossible either. With a little hopeful pencil-licking, one can add up a column of figures that total at least 270 electoral votes. But the hope will prove vain unless such leaders as Reagan—and especially Reagan—throw themselves wholeheartedly into the effort. Mere token support will not suffice.

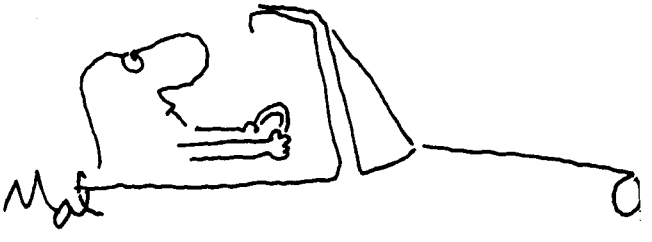
Suppose Ford loses. Suppose he loses badly. Suppose the Republican Party loses half a dozen Senate seats and drops twenty or thirty seats in the House. The question is widely propounded: Will the Republicans go the way of the Whigs? The answer is flatly, No. Not any time soon.

The Whigs first appear in congressional rollcalls with the 24th Congress in 1835. They disappear with the 33rd in 1855. Twenty years. That was all. The Republican Party has now been around for 120 years. The Whigs' last presidential election was in 1852. There were only thirty states then; t popular vote was 3.1 million. We are now dealing with fi states and a popular vote of nearly 78 million. These diff ences of scale make a tremendous difference. So long as truly viable and attractive alternative to the national R publican Party is in sight, the old party, for all its burde will survive.

This is partly because there is no such thing, except as quadrennial illusion, as a *national* party. Whenever we politically, we act through our states. The founders of t pipe-dream American Independent Party do not seem understand that elementary truth of political life. The never was a tree invented that grew from the top dow trees grow from the roots up. At the last count late in 197 Republicans held 38 seats in the U.S. Senate, 144 in t House; they held 620 seats in state senates, 1,765 in st lower chambers; they held 13 governorships; they he hundreds of public offices as sheriffs, county commissione collectors of the revenue, city councilmen, and the lil Every one of those Republican office-holders has a vest interest in the Republican Party *as such*. The notion th the state Republican Parties will go into political me morphosis, to be born again as American Independents, baloney. It may happen some day, but so revolutionary change in our political structure will not be triggered by t defeat—even the disastrous defeat—of the Ford-Dole tick in November.

Conservatives come out of Kansas City with a ticket a a platform as conservative as any rational conservati could ask. That assertion is predicated upon the thoug that our purpose is not merely to play parlor games, fro at the mouth, spin moonbeams, or make splendid speech Our purpose, one must believe, is to win elections, to for governments, to put principled policies into tangible poli cal action. That is the cause of which Reagan spoke. Wi tolerance, good will, imagination, and prodigious effort, may yet be won.





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CIVIL DEFENSE

Surviving a Nuclear War

CARSTEN M. HAALAND
EUGENE P. WIGNER

Soviet leaders probably get a lot of laughs out of the frequent comments made by well-meaning but grossly misinformed Americans concerning the vulnerability of mankind. For example, Walter Cronkite, whose business is to inform, has declared on his nationwide news telecast that there are enough nuclear bombs on hand to "obliterate the world a hundred times over." Secretary of State Kissinger has also fallen for this line. When asked why the Soviets agreed to the Vladivostok pact concerning SALT II, Mr. Kissinger replied: "I would suppose that the General Secretary [Brezhnev] has come to the same conclusion that we have: that whatever level you put at the ceiling, it is enough to destroy humanity several times over, so that the actual level of the ceiling is not as decisive as the fact that a ceiling has been put on it."

The Soviets rejoice at such comments because their strategic planners realize that the propagation of this error, loaded as it is with emotional concern for the fate of mankind, will stir up resistance against any proposal for arms development by our Defense Department. Worse than that, this gross misconception may promote a false feeling of security in America because of the belief that no national leader will start a nuclear war if all of humanity is going to be destroyed. Worst of all, this line of propaganda conveys the idea that nothing can be done to protect mankind from the effects of nuclear weapons—that efforts at civil defense are futile.

Meanwhile, the Soviets devote about 25 per cent of their production (30 per cent according to Solzhenitsyn) to the further strengthening of their military power, including the development of one of the greatest navies in the history of the world and the expansion of what is already the world's greatest ICBM nuclear striking force. Why do they bother, if a nuclear war will obliterate mankind? Because the leaders know that a nuclear war will *not* destroy mankind. And if their elaborate civil defense plans are executed, the entire U.S. striking force will not be able to destroy more than a small fraction of the Soviet population, much smaller than the number of Soviets killed in World War II.

American engineers, like their Soviet counterparts, have studied the effects of nuclear weapons, but the Soviets have surpassed us in designing effective countermeasures. Their plans include the design and construction of shelters, some for protection against all effects of nuclear weapons (except for areas very near the fireball) and some for protection against the effects of radioactive fallout.

More important, the plans include a massive evacuation of cities and other likely targets. According to these plans, during the presumably inevitable crisis period preceding a potential war, evacuees would be ordered to predetermined rural areas where fallout shelters would be quickly constructed if permanent-type shelters did not already exist. Far too widely dispersed to be the subject of any direct weapon attack, the great majority of the Russians would be completely unaffected by the initial nuclear radiation, blast, thermal radiation, and ensuing fires. Furthermore, sheltered underground with two or three feet of earth shielding them against radiation from fallout, many of these people would be exposed to less radiation from a nuclear attack than most of us encounter in the course of our normal lifetime.

Thanks to these plans, it appears that 240 million or more Soviets would survive the short-term effects of an all-out nuclear attack by the U.S. and its allies. And to assure the continued survival of this population, the Soviet Union is busily constructing facilities for storing 2.5 billion bushels of grain in rural areas, enough to feed its entire population of 250 million people for three hundred days—long enough for the time-cycle of events after a nuclear attack to go through, first, the natural decay of the radiation from fallout to livable levels, then the planting of crops, and finally the harvesting.

The total picture of Soviet military might—superlative nuclear striking power and a realistic civil defense—indicates that the Soviets have given much thought to the "unthinkable." They are preparing, if "necessary," to fight and win a nuclear war. Russian leaders have never adopted the strategy that our policy-makers wishfully called "mutual assured destruction." Unless the American people are awakened to this situation, within the next few years the Soviets may very well engineer a serious confrontation in which they would be ready to emerge the victor.

Will the U.S. be forced to concede in such a confrontation without firing a shot? Will the spirit of liberty and the morale of the United States be eroded to the level of Better Red than Dead? Former Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger is aware of the Soviet civil defense efforts, and the Defense Civil Preparedness Agency (DCPA) is laying plans for what is called a "crisis relocation," a counter-evacuation of endangered areas in the United States in the event the Soviets should begin to execute their massive evacuation plan. Such counter-evacuation plans, if they appear credible to the Soviet leaders, will go far toward preventing a serious confrontation from occurring until well into the 1980s, if at all—depending on a softening in the inevitable replacements of the current aging Soviet leaders. However, our civil defense plans are not likely to have a strong influence on the Soviet leaders if our top officials and newsmen continue to make demoralizing overstatements about the vulnerability of mankind. □

Mr. Haaland is a physicist at Oak Ridge National Laboratory and a member of the American Federation of Musicians. Mr. Wigner, a member of the Princeton University Department of Physics, received the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1963.

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HARTFORD v. BOSTON

The Theologians

MALACHI B. MARTIN

In January 1975, 18 churchmen and theologians, meeting in Hartford, Conn., issued a three-page *Appeal for Theological Affirmation*. In it they condemned 13 presumptions commonly held by Christians nowadays, among them: that modern thought is superior to all past forms of thought, that all religions are equally valid, and that religious language tells only of human experience. These presumptions, the authors observed, destroy man's sense of the transcendent and are thus "debilitating to the Church's life and work." The document appealed for theological affirmations to counter these destructive notions.

In January 1976, 22 churchmen and theologians met in Boston to answer the Hartford *Appeal*; they issued a four-page document entitled *Boston Affirmations*. In eight affirmations (concerning Creation, the Fall, Exodus, Covenant, Prophecy, Wisdom, New Covenant, Church Tradition), its authors describe the action of God in society, adding the names of several groups (such as the poor, ethnics, women, humanists, and socially aware scientists) that witness to the "transforming reality of God's reign today." In such groups, the authors affirm, we find God actively establishing a reign of "justice, righteousness, and peace." *Affirmations* was intended to restate the social-concern aspect of Christian belief, and thus to counter the mere theological hair-splitting that, according to the Boston group, animates *Appeal*.

Appeal and *Affirmations* have been hailed as embodying the two poles of religious life and theological development in the United States in the Seventies. *Appeal* is understood as the charter for grand theology and the spiritual view of society. *Affirmations* is understood as the charter of progressivist, action-oriented, concerned Christians. Although each document has its own emphases, *Appeal* stresses the intellectual and the rational, is emphatically nineteenth century "Protestant" in its deist theology, and adapts easily to American politics. *Affirmations* stresses the economic and the sociological, is Judaic rather than Christian in its Biblical theology, is millennialist, and has much in common with the politics of the Third World.

It is a mistake to think of these two documents as mirroring the complete or even the essential traits of Christian belief. (Nor should one think of them as mutually exclusive: both can be accepted with logical consistency. In fact, there is probably a third document in the works that will synthesize both points of view.) Rather, these documents should be taken as signs of the continuing desiccation of our theological thought; both bypass the religious reality of our times with only the barest nod of acknowledgment.

That reality is change: momentous change throughout the Church of Jesus, change extraordinary in its swiftness, scope, depth, and power; it is at the base of the real polarization in Christianity. But what is changing is not theological statement precisely, and not sociological formulae, but the very condition of our spirit as it is molded by the Divine.

The Essential Clash

Unfortunately, we have been conditioned by our culture to unknow the Divine and its workings in our mundane affairs. *Appeal* and *Affirmations* are pseudo-theological children of our times, born from the marriage of a vague sense of this change (if not of its nature) and the fashionable rational mind-set, fearful and unknowing of the spiritual.

As far as Christianity is concerned, religious reality today is affected by a theological polarization that is so profound that it will not be bridged by any debate, however sincere and well-intentioned, between transcendence-oriented and action-oriented Christians —between the *Appeal* group and the *Affirmations* group. The clash between these two groups is local and ephemeral. The two extremes in the *essential* polarization are the Church of Jesus, and the several institutions, ancient and modern, that variously claim membership in, or leadership of, that Church. That is the basic polarization within Christianity.

During His time on earth, Jesus established a presence among us. It was to be ecclesiastical, not personal. It was to be of spirit, therefore invisible. It was to be recognizable, therefore to have a visible embodiment. It was to be permanent. It was to have supreme moral authority and all power in spirit to represent Jesus. And under its proper and sole jurisdiction He placed everything—Bible, Sacraments, tradition, theology, morality, piety, the Old Covenant as well as the New, and all men in their living and in their dying. This presence is His Church. It is not buildings or bureaucracies or capes of cloth-of-gold. It is the whole body of holiness, the members. All. In union with the Founder. It is the essence of Christian belief that this Church of Jesus exists, that it will continue to exist and to effect the ultimate salvation of human beings, and that the only power the Church can effectively wield, and that believers must submit to, is power of spirit, the voice of Jesus' moral authority echoing in His human representatives.

The Church must, of course, be housed. It must have a vehicle to carry

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its truths and its effects down seemingly endless lanes of time until there is no more time, only eternity. That vehicle is the institution, now become plural: the bureaucracies, the buildings, and, very often, capes of cloth-of-gold. It is of very little concern, in terms of profound change and the extremes of a polarity, that many of these institutions are rival claimants to be the Church of Jesus. Their differences are due merely to passing follies or incidental weaknesses. And actually, most churches claim no more than to be of the substance of Jesus' Church; only a few claim to be the substance; still fewer exclude all but themselves from that substance.

Excluding the Spirit

The point here is that all ecclesiastical *institutions* are affected today to some degree by a growing inability to exercise the moral authority and spiritual power that Jesus irrevocably conferred on *His Church*. This inability affects priest, minister, elder, theologian, bishop, cardinal, pope, and patriarch alike. It is increasingly visible and alarming—note, for example, how churchmen are becoming less able to preach (Jesus' first command to His Church) intelligibly about salvation.

No one need search very far to find the cause of this unintelligibility. For quite a long time (say, from A.D. 500 to 1600), *institutional* Christianity refused to confine its exercise of authority to the purely moral and spiritual. It relied on politics, economics, diplomacy, and military force; it seemed to nurture its cultural accretions and neglect its spiritual roots. The institutions got by, as long as they dominated these sectors of human activity. At least the institutions were able to speak intelligibly, if not always holily, to the masses.

Since the seventeenth century, new concepts alien to Christianity came to dictate the politics, economics, and cultural development of the West. All things human came to be treated in a quantitative way; spirit was excluded. With their traditional platforms no longer available to them, Christian institutions lost their predominance in every sector. As time passed, the new modes of thinking and living gained precedence, and churchly institutions found themselves incapable of bringing the unique focus of Jesus' Church to bear on the changing situation. Rather than halting the mechanization of civilization, the institutions themselves were deeply affected by it.

Our lives, in the last third of the twentieth century, have become subject to a mechanization that throttles every initiative of spirit. There is increasing unrest, malaise, and disorder throughout the world, with disastrous cultural and economic consequences. We all—even the subjects of the Soviet and Chinese Communist empires—feel ourselves to be in revolt against a system that promises death to spirit.

At this point in the revolution in human affairs, when the world is engaged in an extraordinary search for new moral authority, *Appeal* and *Affirmations* are issued by concerned men who, while sensing the profound change in the Church of Jesus, have bypassed the central problem confronting Christian institutions, and have taken refuge in doctrinal nostalgia on the one hand (*Appeal*), and in an ad hoc, essentially non-theological analysis (*Affirmations*) on the other. At a time, then, when the Church is changing rapidly and its institutions are still struggling to put one foot in front of the other, a crucial question arises: How can the Church of Jesus work through its institutions effectively—even speak persuasively—for justice, brotherly love, holiness, peace, progress, and salvation, *without* trying to imitate sociologists, jurists, politicians, scientists, psychologists? How, in other words, can the Church contribute what it is uniquely capable of contributing?

Appeal answers this question by reaffirming basic Christian theology. But no one would know with any certainty or even probability from the text of *Appeal* that Jesus is God or that He established a moral and spiritual authority visibly present in human society and endowed with corresponding power to teach, condemn, and approve. *Appeal*'s statements about "the Church" are vague enough to be interpreted in a way diametrically opposed to Christian truth.

Appeal is animated by what Pope Paul accurately described as "the centrifugal influence of free examination, of Protestant derivation, an idea of absolute freedom from the related idea of duty and responsibility." The duty and responsibility of theologians and churchmen today is not to vindicate any form of *humanistic* transcendence, but to foster the visible expression of Jesus' Church and its moral authority. All else follows on that. Without that, we are all adrift between an unwanted past and an uncertain future.

Affirmations' answer is as irrelevant to the main problem as *Appeal*'s. The groups it cites as witnesses to "God's transforming reality" are curiously one-sided: the poor, the ethnic minorities, women. What about the churches in the Baltic states, in Russia, in China, in Albania, in Yugoslavia? *Affirmations*' choices will appeal, no doubt, to the Bishop of Cuernavaca, Sergio Mendez Arceo, who recently proposed that Chou En-lai be canonized.

Like the rest of liberational theology, *Affirmations* seems to fall into the trap that has crippled churchly institutions since the sixth century: politicking in the name of Jesus. There is only one body authorized to bear witness to Jesus' salvation: the Church, the believers united with the Church's lawful authorities. That these authorities are confused, and that the body of believers is at a loss, does not alter the basic function of Jesus' Church, nor does it transfer to sociological groups or political organizations the Divine authority of the Church.

A New Era

The bleak fact must be faced by all believers, and especially those in charge of churchly institutions: the Church of Jesus is on the threshold of a very difficult era. It will be an era of change, riven by confusion and doubts. Above all, it will apparently be a time when theologians and churchmen show themselves increasingly incapable of speaking authoritatively and leading responsibly. A certain troubling irrelevancy in words and actions seems to dog both theologians and churchmen, and many of them succumb to the ever-present temptation to interpret the change of spirit in terms of economics, politics, social upheavals, and cultural decadence, and to seek a solution for the Church's difficulties in formulae drawn from those areas. But none of that will avail Christians.

The prime responsibility of all—churchmen, theologians, and laymen—is to bear witness to spirit within the Church of Jesus in the only way that is unique and specific to His Church. But the outline of this witness will have to await another occasion. □

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Locking Up Christian Parents

IN THIS Bicentennial year, the Supreme Court of Ohio has sustained forthrightly the constitutional right to religious freedom—and to religious schooling. In the case of *State of Ohio* v. *Whisner et al.*, Ohio's Supreme Court ruled on July 28 that the Ohio State Board of Education acted unconstitutionally in bringing a criminal prosecution against the head of a little Christian school and against parents of children enrolled in that school.

This is the affair of Tabernacle Christian School, in Darke County, Ohio, discussed some months ago on this page. Two inferior courts had ruled in favor of the Ohio Board of Education, which clearly was seeking to abolish Tabernacle Christian through harassment. The Reverend Levi Whisner, minister in a pietistic denomination which operates the school, manfully withstood the bullying of the Board of Education and the educationist bureaucrats who had menaced him and various parents with fines and imprisonment. Tabernacle Christian would not comply abjectly with all the demands of the State Board: so off to prison you must go, my fair parson. But the minister and the parents engaged as their lawyer Mr. William Ball—who, in *Wisconsin* v. *Yoder* of happy memory, had persuaded the Supreme Court of the United States to exempt Amish children from having to attend "public" schools.

Mr. Ball's arguments were as convincing in Ohio. In effect, Mr. Ball said, the educationist apparatus of the state of Ohio was violating the due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment by denying the right of parents to direct the education of their own children. The Supreme Court of Ohio, agreeing with Mr. Ball, handed down a decision which will be much cited and quoted in other school cases throughout this land.

As the majority opinion puts it in *Ohio* v. *Whisner*, the vastly intricate manual of the Ohio Board of Education, requiring "'all activities' of a non-public school to conform to policies adopted by the [state] board of education, plainly violates appellants' rights to the free exercise of their religion. If the state is to discharge its duty of remaining strictly neutral, pursuant to the establishment clause of the First Amendment, with respect to religion, how can the state constitutionally require *all activities* of a non-public religious school, which, of necessity, must include *religious activities*, to conform to the policies of a purportedly 'neutral' board?"

THIS OHIO decision protects only church-related schools; it does not cover independent schools that have no religious affiliation. Nor does it exempt church-related schools from every form of state regulation. But it does prevent the Board of Education from stamping out Tabernacle Christian and other Christian schools by insisting that they comply with "secular humanist" directives from the state inconsonant with a Christian school's beliefs.

The Ohio Board of Education has been one of the more intolerant and aggressive state establishments of Holy Educationism. But *Ohio* v. *Whisner* will echo throughout this country. It seems improbable that Ohio might appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, for the Ohio Supreme Court's opinion in this case repeatedly cites *Wisconsin* v. *Yoder* as authority—the very case by which Mr. Ball himself won freedom of schooling for the Amish. Eight of the nine U.S. Supreme Court justices who emancipated the Amish still sit on the bench.

Much more in *Ohio* v. *Whisner* is worth quoting. Take this: "There is an additional, independent reason, ignored by the lower courts in this case, that compels upholding appellants' attack upon the state's 'minimum standards.' In our view, these standards are so pervasive and all-encompassing that total compliance with every and each standard by a non-public school would effectively eradicate the distinction between public and non-public education, and thereby deprive these appellants of their traditional interest as parents to direct the upbringing and education of their children."

The state, in short, may not extend its general jurisdiction over public instruction so far as to establish a state monopoly *de facto* of what is to be taught and how it is to be taught to all young people. Independent schools may not be regulated out of existence by the state educationist bureaucracy.

Thus some light penetrates to Darke County. But one dare not let too much cheerfulness break in. In New York and Michigan, for instance, parents still actually are being jailed because they have withdrawn their children from public schools in order to educate them better at home: this has happened to Mrs. Barbara Franz in New York City and to Mrs. Judy Waddell in Michigan.

Why doesn't anybody do anything about such outrages? Well, there is a national organization which fights this good fight: Parents' Rights, Inc., 12571 Northwinds Drive, St. Louis, Missouri. It is associated with the Educational Freedom Foundation (same address), which can receive tax-exempt contributions. In the courts and through legislative lobbying, Parents' Rights endeavors to uphold the fundamental right of freedom of choice in schooling.

Despite the hostility of the government, Christian schools of one sort or another, and other independent schools, have been increasing rapidly in number in most states—often for reasons quite unconnected with "racial busing." Are they decent schools? Why, most of them are head and shoulders above the typical government or "public" school, both intellectually and morally, although the typical independent school spends far less per pupil.

The resolute Reverend Levi Whisner and the learned and persuasive Mr. William Ball have done something to give such schools a breathing space. The "secular humanists" (actually, the latter-day disciples of John Dewey) have been administered a slap by the Ohio justices. Go thou and do likewise. Like many other states, Ohio clearly needs a new state board of education, a new superintendent of public instruction, and a new set of state educational administrators—plus statutory reform. □

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Euro-Communism

GERHART NIEMEYER

THE WORST did not happen in Italy—this time. But the portents remain. More than one-third of the voters were ready to entrust their civil liberty to the Communists. Why? They had been beguiled by Berlinguer's clever slogan, "Euro-Communism," the line that the *Italian* Communists are different; that they would not be guided by Moscow, would respect human rights, and would step down if people voted against them; that they embrace NATO, whose secrets they surely would like to get their hands on, as "the military guarantee of their independence from the Soviets."

Many highly educated Italians, and masses of the less well educated, accepted this stuff at face value. So did Dr. Eduard Beneš, Czechoslovakia's unlucky president, when in 1945 he embraced the Communists as partners in a coalition of anti-fascist forces. Three years later he had to turn over power, people, and public order to the Communists. These problems are ours, too. Have we not been inclined to say that Communists could be regarded as a legitimate party if they would allow free elections, admit a choice of candidates, and show some respect for human rights? Setting up a list of conditions of good behavior implies that if the Communists appeared to meet most of them, we could then call them compatriots, fellow citizens, sharers of the public faith.

Let us have some sympathy for Beneš, Agnelli, Willy Brandt, and others who, in a context of democracy, face the problem of a Communist Party. Repression, of course, is out of the question, and so is permanent exclusion from power. Democracy (not practical democracy, but its ideological myth) calls for all-embracing inclusiveness. To be sure, at one time the Communists excluded themselves by declaring war on the entire society in which they live. They said nothing would satisfy them but the total destruction of its institutions. But now, Berlinguer's "Euro-Communism" claims to have taken back that revealing declaration of war.

Democracy (not practical democracy, but its ideological myth) vaunts its power to assimilate the most disparate elements into political harmony. In that spirit, Beneš was, and Agnelli and others are, willing to grasp the olive branch held out to them by Communist Secretaries General. When any such leader declares that the Communists have become partners of good will in an effort to achieve domestic peace, the Communists know they have found yet another victim unable to comprehend their mentality, even as Germany's Weimar leaders were unable to comprehend the true nature of Nazism in 1933.

The point is that Communist behavior can never give us any real clue to the Communist mind. That mind has shown itself capable of adopting all kinds of behaviors and policies without changing its core of dogmatic beliefs. Take the relations between Communists and other Marxist socialists, by way of illustration. They all look forward to a Marxist, socialist society to come. One would think that this would constitute a bond of obligation to one another over and above all minor differences. Not so: the Communists began with a radical split from all other socialists.

Lenin's Line

Lenin drew a hair's-breadth line separating the ideologically correct from the ideologically incorrect, the Communists from the rest of the socialists together with their "class enemies." The reason can be discovered empirically. By and large these other socialists were, and are, people who besides "socialism" acknowledge other realities as deserving respect and allegiance—e.g., the people, freedom, democracy, justice. Roughly speaking, that means democratic socialists may be unacceptable as leaders because their ideology will make them adopt quixotic policies, but they are nonetheless fellow-citizens. They are real partners in a political community, even though they become excruciatingly vexatious when they are in power.

Communists are people who have decided to accept nothing but socialism. All elements of community with others have been systematically extirpated from their minds. They see the people as "masses" who are ignorant and unreliable, and who need the Party as a task-master. The state serves them not as an authoritative framework, but only as a tool to transmit their will to the masses. Religion, morality—these are "bourgeois prejudices." However, Communists are far less given to shaping their policies by ideology than other socialists. They are flexible, adaptable, pragmatic. Their policies are governed by requirements of strategy and thus do not strike us as quixotic, as socialist positions often do.

Communist Un-Citizens

That expedient flexibility has caused the Communists, every once in a while, to make common cause with other socialists. At no time, however, has such cooperation been governed by genuine respect. In every case, the Communists soon either expelled their partners from the government and then liquidated them, or else absorbed them into the Communist Party. If this is so when Communists do share with others some kind of common belief, what are we to expect when they do not?

The truth is that Communists are people whose ideological irrationality, narrow exclusiveness, and ubiquitous suspicion have permanently crippled them for any kind of citizenship. They cannot be citizens even in the country of their origin. The Party does not serve Russia: Russia is made to serve the Party. Therefore the question is not, "How do the Communists behave today?" but rather "What do the Communists want us to believe today?" There is no possibility that Communists, having been molded by their Party's indoctrinating discipline, can ever be accepted as masters one would willingly obey, cherish, and trust. Their road to power must be through guile. They are capable of model democratic conduct if that will put them into the seats of power. Power, however, is to them not a responsibility of public faith but a means to impose on entire peoples an ideological mold that causes the very roots of our common humanity to rot. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

The Greening of Sam Brown—II

WANTED:
LIBERAL WITH EXPERIENCE

Try it. See if you can come up with a model job résumé. Education: BA and MA in either government or sociology. Make it government. Drop-out from Harvard Divinity School (the Absolute Liberal should have had at least one nasty brush with God: and escaped). A well-off family (the Absolute Liberal should have enough money to know how evil it is). Peace Corps, of course. Some civil rights activity in, say, '63. '65: involved with SDS antiwar marches and, yes, the CIA-student exposé. '67: Anti-Vietnam Summer. Oh, environmentalism, almost forgot that. How about: an organizer of Citizens for Colorado's Future, which kept the dirty Winter Olympics over there? That's it: that's also Sam Brown. Even if you leave out Students for McCarthy and the Vietnam Moratorium—those sound just too perfect—no one would hire Sam Brown. For a liberal he's overqualified.

But, as microbes do, by 1974 Sam Brown had decided to work within the system. It wasn't really all that inconsistent. In 1971 he had been regional director of the very abortive Harris for President drive. Even during those front-line Moratorium days, he often strummed a canoe-by-moonlight song to Middle America. Brown has always had instincts for, if not the jugular, the varicose. In 1974 he was elected Colorado State Treasurer. While campaigning—and quicker than you can say "for my next impression"—the activist became Andrew Carnegie. "I sold my first pair of shoes at age 12," he could say without bringing up his cookies. "I was summer manager of a [family-owned] shoe store at age 16." Brown, I expect, didn't get Christmas cards from Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman in 1974. "I never played down my background," he told me, "I even talked about it. And you can bet my opponents did." But why would Brown court a Babbitt office like state treasurer? "The unkind way is to say I was looking for a platform. The better way to say it is—well, I was looking for some sort of access to say things. It permits me to talk about tax policy, which I'm very concerned with."

SOCIALISM is one of the longest four-letter words around. Sam Brown, State Treasurer, would never use it. But when you see sidewinding tracks in the sand, presume a rattler. Sam will say, "I feel the major questions about American society are still questions about how you distribute power and wealth." And that, by your by, is another excellent reason for seeking office: power, not wealth. "I have a marvelous time," he admits, boyish. Brown has every Colorado bank doing pushups and wind-sprints. No large state deposit, you see, is ever placed in a bank that won't go along with the orthodox liberal agenda: low-income housing loans, for instance. "If you give them a set of rules they'll play by them. Oh, they'll fight you; they'll go to court. But they're very understanding of what power is." No more than Brown: the peace movement, I'd guess, taught many liberals about power. They got tired of authority based on a spring-semester–fall-semester student force that would only muster, George Washington's troops in reverse, at planting and harvest time.

Yet—and it wasn't just the bourbon—I could be taken in by Sam Brown. He is charming. He comes on like the advance-man for a fresh, if bollixed and murky, conservative drift within liberalism. Brown's aversion to megagovernment, to Planning is, I suppose, genuine. "The great national social experiments of the Sixties clearly failed and we can't afford failure on that scale again." But you couldn't call him states-rightist. "If the people of Aspen wanted to legalize cocaine, I'm not sure it's Colorado's business to tell them they can't. My problem is with scale. How do you get government down to some size that's manageable, understandable?"

The operative word has a guileless sound: like detente or liquidation. The operative word is "neighborhood. Keep it in mind: it's a synecdoche for liberal techniques in the late Seventies. Sam will say "neighborhood" as CB radio men say "ten-four": often. "I have this bizarre vision of myself five years from now organizing my neighborhood saying, If we can just build it here. Hell, what conservative could find fault: decentralization, local government, etc. Unlike local government however, "neighborhood" has no measurable geographic limit: it's an emotional state gerrymandered by the spirit: subjective, protean. Neighborhood is one, maybe two, degrees up from "individual," which was the late Sixties operative word. "Individual" sounded egocentric: Middle America had good reason to distrust it. Individuals wore long hair, but who, after all, could be against a neighborhood? When two or three are gathered together then they're eligible for federal funding.

But (it's a most ingenuous paradox) Brown—neighborhood man, ex-organizer of special-interest movements—has had it to here with pressure from the uppity lower ranks. "One problem with liberals is that they collapse at every demand made by constituent groups. Example: the twenty-years-and-out rule the police have in New York. It's an outrage. We can't afford it."

There's a paradox all right: but not in him, in liberalism. You imagine dirt on Brown's ear, he's had it to the ground for so long. And what Brown hears is a profound, shuffling confusion in liberal democracy. "There's no sense of community, of sharing: that's America's real loss in the last twenty or two hundred years." Fudging, bland. Could be a quote from Mr. Peanut himself.

Richard Brookhiser, *a senior at Yale, is* NR*'s summer editorial assistant.*

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though Brown arrived at his rhetoric quite independently. He won't run for state treasurer again, but "I didn't say I wouldn't run for anything." He'll win probably. Brown has the soul of a spirit level. Both Carter and Brown can charm, but, in Brown's case at least, the history, the motives are on record. And both men agree, I think. The time has come to offend us not with style but with substance. □

THEATER

RICHARD BROOKHISER

Paradise Lost

If there is an intellectual equivalent to the labor of cleansing the Augean Stables, it is the task of writing about the Soviet Union. Perhaps one reason we hear so much about South Africa, Chile, Spain, et al. is that their crimes are so tiny—the death of a couple of Basque terrorists is easy to write about because it is easy to comprehend. But what can you say about the death of a country? How can you cope with a regime that is more brutal than Hitler's, holds sway over more people, and has lasted five times as long? There are two possible methods. One can tackle the statistics directly—so many murders, so many arrests. Or one can try to creep into the minds of the victims, the anonymous souls behind the statistics. The first is the method of *The Gulag Archipelago*; the second, of Lev Navrozov's *Welcome to Soviet America*.

Lev Navrozov is a Russian author who, since his escape from the Soviet Union five years ago, has produced countless books, articles, and speeches on the subject of Russia's woes and America's stupidity. *Welcome to Soviet America* is his first work for the stage; it is also his first work to fuse the two themes—for the premise of this grim Slavic fantasy is that American shortsightedness and naïveté have finally culminated in the establishment of a Communist American state.

Navrozov first presented the play as a series of radio sketches on WOR; he then presented the collected version at Carnegie Recital Hall on June 10. The evening was funded entirely out of his own pocket and managed solely by him, and it showed: *Welcome to Soviet America* badly needed an editor and a director; the opening was clumsy, and the production amateurish. But these were only surface blemishes; the core of this one-man play was the author himself, and he was superb.

Navrozov is an incredibly sad man. His face is sad, his eyes are sad; his jokes are sad; even his satire is a kind of solidified and sharpened sadness. In the course of an hour, he poured this grief into the personae of a dozen hapless citizens of Soviet America—a doctor waking up in his choice Harlem apartment in Jack Smith City (formerly New York City); his wife struggling to buy bologna in a government store; an idiotic speaker at a rally in honor of Jack Smith; Smith himself, suddenly deposed and imprisoned for passing secrets to the "homosexual Chinese fascists." The vignettes are outrageous, and frequently wrenching; as Smith's mind disintegrates under torture, he regresses back to his boyhood in Lithuania, and when he remembers his mother "pulling his socks off," you feel tears starting.

Of course, all these situations are borrowed from recent Russian history; but that is not the point. Navrozov is not compiling a catalogue of political evils, but trying to discover their sources in human nature; he bypasses history in search of history's roots, and finds them in common human emotions and weaknesses—fear, hunger, vanity, ignorance. In the last scene of the play, Navrozov as a drunken Russian bureaucrat addresses a terrified collection of reporters from the *New York Times*:

> Why are you so quiet? . . . I bet you must be thinking that we enslaved you. . . . Who enslaved you? You enslaved you . . . you frolicked . . . you frolicked . . . and now you have the bill to pay . . .

The scene frightens because its message is so simple: human misery is the result, not of blind, uncontrollable forces, but of human choices—choices we ourselves could make.

Navrozov's command of English is formidable; his irony is as scathing as anything since late Twain. But don't look for his play the next time you are in New York—it could run in its present form only one night. Don't hold your breath, either, waiting for his second book—the company that published his first has gone out of business. But remember his name, for if Solzhenitsyn is the prophet of the Communist captivity, Navrozov is its poet. Solzhenitsyn has written its *Areopagitica*; Navrozov, its Workers' Paradise lost. □

PLACES

RUTH BERENSON

Munich

This is about a city it might actually be a pleasure to live in: Munich, capital of the quondam kingdom of Bavaria. It's not large—population 1,360,000 at last count—but it has a lot going for it: an historic past, a prosperous present, culture by the yard, two universities, a perfect rococo theater, and the best beer in the world. The spectacular Bavarian Alps are only a half-hour away. Its inner core—quiet, clean, at once grand and intimate, beautiful and just plain pretty—might well serve as an example to those cities all over the world, large and small alike, that are grappling with the decay of their centers, for Munich's attractions are not accidental but a matter of careful planning.

Munich's charm creeps up on you gradually, though even day-trippers spending only a few hours there may wonder what happened to the noise, dirt, and traffic they've battled in Rome or Paris—for in Munich one can stroll

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nearly everywhere in the city's heart without seeing a car or finding a cigarette butt on the pavement. You don't hear anything louder than heels clip-clopping or, as I did, a young man with a flute playing Papageno's song as he strolled by. What happened to the cars is no mystery; they're in underground garages or tree-masked lots, or parked somewhere outside the core —and the sight of people just walking, admiring the tubs of flowers that bloom so abundantly in the pollution-free air, is fine. And if your nether extremities have atrophied from lack of use, as is the case with many non-Müncheners, open-air cafés and parklike squares, furnished with flowers, fountains, and chairs that you can move around to suit yourself, are never more than a few feet away from where your feet give out. All this plus the street vendors selling *Bratwurst*, *Hamburger amerikaner Art* (with onions), *Eiskrem*, and, in cold weather, toasted almonds, make Munich a sitters' and walkers' heaven.

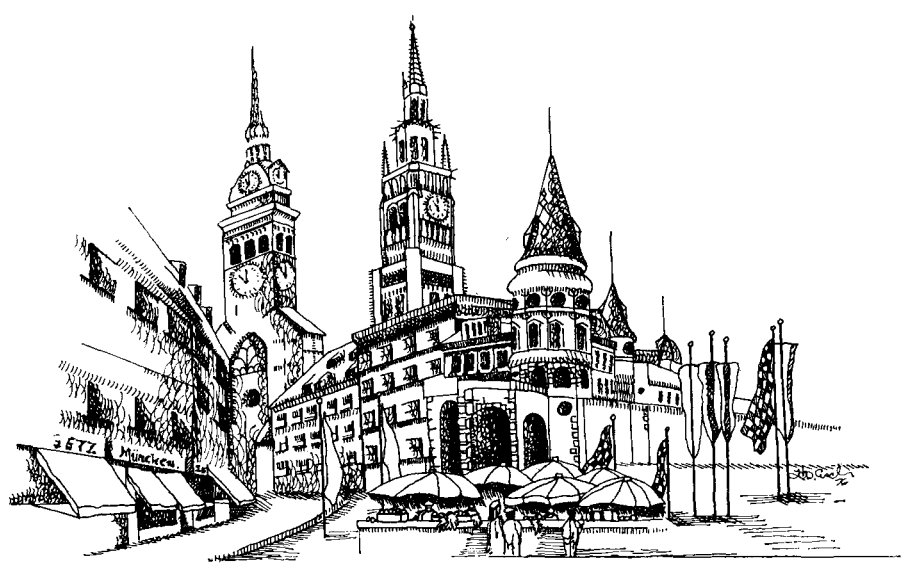
SUCH PEDESTRIAN zones have become a commonplace all over Europe, especially in Germany. In part they arose from simple necessity: the medieval towns around which the cities grew were just not meant for cars. The war bombings destroyed most of these *Altstädte*, obliterating not just buildings but often streets as well, and many towns, understandably anxious to rebuild as quickly as possible, simply took the easy way out and bulldozed all the ruins into oblivion so they could start from scratch. This is what Frankfurt did; others, like Cologne, kept their medieval streets and turned them into shopping malls bordered with mostly shoddy-looking new buildings bedecked with neon. Neither solution is happy, for the Bauhaus-inspired concrete-and-glass boxes which, in postwar Germany, passed for modern architecture are distinguished mainly by their deadening uniformity: German cities, once so proudly individual, now all look alike.

Except Munich. It, too, was bombed; one-third of the buildings in the central core were a total loss. Yet Müncheners have always taken special pride in their city, and they're also, at least according to non-Bavarians, pigheadedly stubborn. They simply endured the rubble—320,000 of them actually lived in bombed-out ruins into the 1950s—until the city could be rebuilt as they remembered it, a glorious hodgepodge of medieval and baroque, neo-classic and nineteenth century gingerbread.

Of course not everything was salvageable, and Munich has its share of machines for living and doing business. Yet enough was either saved or reconstructed—including all the important buildings—to make it hard even for old-timers to remember it differently. The crooked medieval lanes; the broad neo-classic expanse of the Ludwigstrasse with a triumphal arch at one end and an imitation of Florence's Loggia dei Lanzi at the other (this was meant for statues of Bavarian military heroes, but, with the best will in the world, official historians could only come up with three, two of whom, as Müncheners ruefully point out, were not Bavarian, while the third was not a hero); the baroque splendor of the domed Theatiner Church and the rococo grace of the Asam Church—all seem to have been there forever. The one ruin remaining is the former Army Museum, a Piranesi-like relic in an overgrown field fenced in with barbed wire, right next to the formal manicured Court Garden. Müncheners don't like it, but they're against bulldozing; neither do they want to call attention to it as Berliners have done with their most prominent ruin, the Gedächtniskirche, which has become to them as symbolic of their divided, unhappy city as Checkpoint Charlie.

In all but a few of the reconstructed buildings, the resemblance between new and old is only skin-deep, with modern interiors containing banks, offices, smart shops. Munich is well aware of the danger of becoming a kind of half-alive urban museum, like Vienna. With its population steadily growing, factories, office complexes, high-rise apartments are a necessity, but these, like the ultra-modern Olympic Village of 1972, have been located, whenever possible, on formerly empty fields ringing the city. A recently completed subway system connects up with tramways and suburban trains to provide quick, comfortable transportation. We took a twenty-minute ride to visit friends who live in a just-finished high-rise, complete with bank and shopping center. It is located on the edge of a forest where, they said, they can walk for hours; from their twentieth-floor balcony we could see the city's spired skyline, unchanged from the way it looked a century ago.

Naturally, Müncheners themselves find things to complain about. Their favorite conversational topic is the *Föhn*, a wind that allegedly blows from the Alps, sapping their energy and giving them headaches, upset stomachs, and an alibi for every *misère*; I say "allegedly" because I've never experienced it, but then, I'm informed that only *echt* Müncheners do. On a more mundane level, the crime rate, though it can't compete with New York's, is growing. The inner city's pedestrian zone is deserted at night, where it used to be full of crowded beer halls that stayed open until the small hours; though people still go into town for entertainment, they rush to their cars afterward, for the empty streets are threatening. And after dark no one walks in the English Garden (perhaps the first park in Europe built specifically for public use), though a Sunday lunch in its eighteenth century Chinese pagoda, with a band playing and people waving at the beer-drinking crowds from carriages trimmed with fresh flowers, made me feel as if I were witnessing a Bavarian version of Renoir's joyful *Moulin de la Galette*.



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Back in the 1820s, King Ludwig I, an ardent art lover and architecture buff, announced that he planned to make Munich "a city that will bring so much honor to Germany that no one can know Germany who has not seen Munich." He nearly bankrupted the city in the process, but his dream came true. □

The PRINTED WORD

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

The Unmeltable Ethnocentrics

A recent issue of *The New York Times Book Review* featured eight reviews under the simple heading "Women." That heading turned out to be as exclusive as the lettering on the door of a public lavatory. All the books were by women. All the reviews were by women.

Phyllis Schlafly can relax: the new sexual equality isn't dumping the sexes together indiscriminately, it is merely creating new bailiwicks. We should have foreseen it. Nobody would ask for privilege by name nowadays: you have to demand it in the name of equality. Hence our affirmative action programs, from construction jobs to book reviews.

It was a little ironic to find this in the *Times*. A few months ago the *Book Review* turned its last page, "The Guest Word," over to anthropologist Lionel Tiger, a bogeyperson to many feminists for his writings on the sexes and the deep-seated differences between them. He used the space to complain about the current "unfortunate tendency to assign books *about* women *to* women. And books *by* women *to* women. And even books by men on the behavior of men are being assigned to women for judgment." He noted that of all the reviews of his last book, *Women in the Kibbutz*, only one had been written by a man.

"All this rests on the assumption that women have special insight into these problems," explained Tiger. In a way. Certainly women are supposed to have more *authority* to speak on these problems, as victims of oppression. Whether that authority amounts to genuine insight or merely social standing is another matter; but the more or less official doctrine is that there is no real difference: the standing is based on the supposition that women have suffered, and on the further supposition that suffering generates insight. True or not, women (as feminists keep pointing out) constitute a potentially huge lobby, and that fact makes all the ideological henpecking scary to editors. Why then should the *Times* let Tiger, a lone male, influence its reviewing assignments? Safer to turn part of the *Book Review* over to the ladies—the noisier ones, anyway—and let them settle things among themselves.

The suffering racket is a lucrative one, and it's no wonder that so many people want a piece of the action. "I'm white and rich and I'm a WASP and I was tired of feeling guilty," a Sarah Lawrence alumna is reported to have said. "When Women's Lib happened, I was happy. Now I could feel oppressed too." Not only does certification as an Oppressee get all those damned minorities off your back, it gives you a shot at becoming a spokesperson yourself. Your personal woes, transposed to a major key and arranged for full orchestra and chorus, become those of a Cause—a gripe whose time has come.

THUS AS we reach new heights of prosperity and comfort we get more candidates for Voice of the Oppressed. Who's got it toughest? "Who speaks for the Chicana lesbian?" suggests its own answer: "(Why not me?)" So we have blacks and Jews and women and the poor and grape-pickers and lettuce-pickers and Indians and gay lib and unmeltable ethnics and the student-as-nigger. Father Andrew Greeley is now making a bid on behalf of Catholics, though more as "ethnics" than as witnesses for their faith—naturally enough, since a faith is embraced voluntarily, *responsibly*, whereas you're stuck with your ancestors. And success in the suffering sweepstakes depends on making the claim of victimhood a sort of quasi-racial trait, inherited and inalienable.

The *Times* never laughs, but tries to accommodate them all. Greeley and Michael Novak appear there often, in the *Book Review* and elsewhere, straddling the roles of social scientist and victim-advocate. With respect to blacks there is also a kind of literary tokenism: blacks tend to review each other's books. Why, except that he is black, should Orde Coombs review James Baldwin's essays on movies? And why, for that matter, shouldn't he occasionally review books by white men? Malcolm X, having made the rounds of talk shows and press conferences, found it a mark of his interviewers' prejudice that it never crossed their minds that he might speak intelligently on a subject other than race.

The *Book Review*'s salient bias is Jewish. The lead is typically written by a Jew, often as not about a book by a Jew—which to some extent is simply a function of the literacy of Jews, and of their geographical concentration around New York. What gets monotonous is the frequency with which those reviews are concerned with Jewish themes, especially Jewish suffering. Concentration camps, Soviet Jewry, *The World of Our Fathers*: how do you make the point, tactfully, that though these are serious and worthy subjects, they are not of obsessive interest to everybody? It's a bit like telling your aunt that you don't want to hear about her operation any more, without conveying indifference to her health. One hesitates to be blunt, for fear of seeming to trivialize the awful, and also because of a terrible touchiness surrounding ethnic, and especially Jewish, concerns. Sidney Hook lately came close to saying, in *Commentary*, that it is a little bit antisemitic to be *bored* by a Jew: he took ill the biographical datum that Bertrand Russell, when he stayed with Jews in New York, had confided to his mistress that he found his hosts kindly but tiresome. It need not be a defense of Russell to note the usual presumption, in boredom situations, favoring the fellow on the receiving end. But minority etiquette dispenses with such presumptions; and, alas, none dare call it ethnocentrism.

SUCH ARE the cultural prejudices that now dominate our most prestigious book reviews. The life of the mind must make way for the silly protocols, credentials, and ascriptive privileges of literary bloc politics. Indeed, the principle of universal suffrage in the howling parliament of pain threatens to extend beyond the bounds of mere species: the *Book Review* has found room for a respectful review of Peter Singer's *Animal Liberation*, whose thesis is that "speciesism" (cf. "racism," "sexism," "ageism," "heightism," etc.) causes rats and lizards to suffer unjustly. If this keeps up, the next generation will think humanism was a form of bigotry. □

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BOOKS

The Professor Sweateth

Main Currents in Modern American History
By Gabriel Kolko
Harper, 433 pp., $15

FORREST McDONALD

From the beginning, there was evil: poverty and disease, oppression and violence, fear and personal disintegration were humanity's perennial lot. Each civilization had its explanation; in Christendom it was fashionable, for some centuries, to attribute the malaise to the devil and to such earthly agents of his as demons and witches. Many fine minds—including those of the distinguished seventeenth century American intellectuals Increase and Cotton Mather—were directed toward writing treatises on demonology, explaining the mysterious ways in which the devil moved, his wicked wonders to perform.

But then, about 1700, the better sort of people in the Western world began to develop a rationalist cosmology, in which God was reduced to the role of infinitely perfect Clock Maker, and belief in supernatural intervention—divine or satanic—became unchic. As that view spread, faith in the devil declined, and the demise of the devil, in turn, created an unbridgeable credibility gap for practitioners of witchcraft. Ere long, those benighted souls lost the power to evoke even their own public execution.

Whether witches actually ceased to exist, simply because people stopped believing in them, is moot. Obviously, evil did not disappear. Nor, though less obviously, did mankind outgrow its need to believe in devils; and the effort to construct a new demonology, rationally plausible and psychically satisfactory, has been unending. The search for a secular Satan has produced tomes ascribing the role to the Jews, the Church, monarchy, nationalism, imperialism, racism, sexism, fluoridation, and the Bavarian Illuminati.

The most pervasive theory, however, has been one concocted in the 1730s by Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, in response to the English "Financial Revolution." Bolingbroke's root of all evil was the abstract, impersonal money system; his principal demons and arch-conspirators were money-men, big government, and standing armies. In Europe the line of descent from Bolingbroke runs through Marx and his followers; in America it runs through Jefferson, Jackson, and Bryan to George McGovern. The name of the demons changed from monocrats to monster banks to gold conspiracy to the military-industrial complex, but the essence of the theory remained the same: a simple-minded, superstitious faith in an evil System and its ubiquitous, all-powerful yet never-entirely-successful agents.

Of the historians currently practicing their craft in this demonological school, Professor Gabriel Kolko is among the foremost. To conservatives uninitiated in New Left history, some of Kolko's judgments will seem surprisingly realistic. He tells us that governmental interference in the economy is bad; that unions do not do much for workers; that Franklin Roosevelt was a fraud; that Social Security is regressive and dysfunctional; that the war on poverty was "hokum." But all that is part of his larger indictment of American capitalism.

Kolko's thesis is as follows: Capitalism in the United States was able to outlive its destined time because a) workers, being mainly immigrants who intended to return to their homelands, never developed an adequate class consciousness, and b) big business, acting under the guise and aegis of liberalism, effected an unholy combination with big government and, later, big military power. Having thus grown incredibly powerful, despite the fact that it is sick now unto death, capitalistic America staggers about the earth as an ailing colossus, blindly destroying the world's innocent peoples in a futile effort to keep its monstrous corpus alive. If capitalistic America would kindly step off the planet, all evil would vanish—probably retroactively.

The key to making secularized demonology plausible is not the thesis itself—for one such system is as silly as another—but the methodology. Various of Kolko's techniques therefore want notice. He writes in ponderous prose that reeks of objectivity: fluent in Marxist jargon and the patois of the social sciences, he often rises to a ver-

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Stephen J. Chapman *transcended Harvard Yard last June. . . .* **Ronald De Feo** *is a freelance literary critic. . . .* **John Greenway** *is a missionary to the Indians in Colorado. . . .* **Nicholas King** *was a foreign correspondent for UPI, and a press attaché in Paris and at the United Nations. He is now a freelance writer. . . .* **Forrest McDonald** *is a professor of history at the University of Alabama. He is the author of numerous books, among which is* We the People, *and is truly a credit to academe.*

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RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE SEPTEMBER TITLES: Henry F. May has written a solid study called *The Enlightenment in America* (Oxford, $15) in which he examines the confluence of Protestantism and the continental Enlightenment in eighteenth century America, and the basis thus provided for the further development of the American *Kultur*. . . . Irving Kolodin comes forward with *The Opera Omnibus: Four Centuries of Give and Take* (Saturday Review Press/Dutton, $15). . . . The subtle effects of one's surroundings upon one's mood, behavior, and feelings are examined by Albert Mehrabian in *Public Places and Private Spaces: The Psychology of Work, Play, and Living Environments* (Basic, $15.95). . . . Helene Moglen offers you *Charlotte Brontë: The Self-Conceived* (Norton, $11.95): a psychobiography, not, as the title might imply, the foundation for a new religious cult. . . . *Margaret Mitchell's Gone with the Wind Letters 1936–1949* (Macmillan, $12.95) consists of letters the author wrote to fans, frauds, etc., etc. and is edited by Richard Harwell. . . . Axel Madsen, author of *Malraux: A Biography* (Morrow, $11.95), was unfortunately scooped last year by M. Jean Lacouture.

Vance Bourjaily's new novel, *Now Playing at Canterbury* (Dial Press, $10), is strictly by the writer's workshop, out of the academy. . . . *Sombrero Fallout: A Japanese Novel* (Simon & Schuster, $6.95) is by Richard Brautigan, and it is about . . . well, it's about. . . . Raymond Massey, who has just written his memoirs, *When I Was Young* (Little, Brown, $10), is presently claiming total recall. . . . John G. Stoessinger, a rather pedestrian second-string international-relations scholar, attempts in *Henry Kissinger: The Anguish of Power* (Norton, $8.95) to defend a friend against doubters and other vultures. . . . Everett S. Allen's *A Wind to Shake the World: The Story of the 1938 Hurricane* (Little, Brown, $10) ought to give far more civilized disaster-entertainment than, say, *Jaws*.

■ ENJOY! John J. McNeil, SJ, author of *The Church and the Homosexual* (Sheed Andrews & McNeel, $10) and founder of a national organization for Catholic Homosexuals, thinks Aquinas just didn't have what it takes on the subject. . . . For those of a different inclination, Colette Dowling has written *How to Love a Member of the Opposite Sex: A Memoir* (Coward, McCann, $7.95). And you don't have to be Catholic to like this one. . . . Barbara Marx Hubbard is a toy heiress; her family has frozen her inheritance. She received a call to affirm the "event of mankind's birth into the future," and planned a citizen-sponsored lunar landing to be accomplished with cast-off NASA equipment. Her book: *The Hunger of Eve: A Woman's Odyssey toward the Future* (Stackpole, $8.95).

itably Veblenesque murkiness, and at his best he achieves a pure translated-from-the-Mongolian. He can take two pages to say that profitable businesses make more money than unprofitable ones, and then devote another two pages to documenting the charge. He heightens the illusion of objectivity by affecting an air of pluralism. Before describing the growth of federal regulation as a big-business conspiracy, for instance, he carefully warns against the error of regarding big business as a conspiratorial monolith. In analyzing America's ruling class, he effectively demonstrates that there is no such animal, since, whatever it is, it neither rules nor is a class; then he points out that that makes no difference, since the structural necessities of capitalism dictate what can be done, and thus "men-of-power," however diverse or mutually antagonistic, necessarily form a single ruling elite. Through such double-talk, contradictions are obscured and the analysis is made to seem sophisticated.

Then there is the mandatory use of statistics; nowadays, nobody takes a history book seriously unless it contains a lot of numbers. It does not especially matter whether the figures are accurate, or what they show: the point is merely to display them lavishly. Kolko's statistics sometimes buttress his argument, sometimes not; at times they contradict one another and at others they demonstrate nothing at all; when he lacks figures he manufactures his own and spews them randomly, like a computer in the act of masturbation.

When unwelcome realities resist obfuscation, Kolko turns them into accusations: The structure of capitalism imposes limits on what workers can be paid! In the United States, unions failed to transcend those limits! American capitalists undermined the workers' class consciousness by paying them the highest real wages in the world! Immigrant laborers eagerly sacrificed their physical mobility for the *lumpen* bourgeois value of home ownership!

Finally, there are your usual grotesque charges, especially that the United States has a virtual monopoly on violence and personal and social disintegration. We can forgive the sweating professor for such oversights as forgetting that nonviolent England, between 1914 and 1918, enforced a blockade that starved ten million Central Europeans to death; but it is something else to disregard the Nazi gas ovens, the Gulag Archipelago, and China's Cultural Revolution. And, bad as American cities are, even New York is a nicer place to call home than Beirut, Belfast, Calcutta, or Kampala.

In sum, Kolko is unlikely to convert anyone not already of his faith. Readers seeking a comprehensive explanation of evil will do better by studying the works of the Reverend Doctors Mather. The Mathers made a far more plausible case. □

A Welfare Mother
By Susan Sheehan
Houghton Mifflin, 123 pp., $6.95

A POEM

JOHN GREENWAY

And when the thousand years are expired, Satan shall be loosed out of his prison,

And shall go out to deceive the nations which are in the four quarters of the earth, Gog and Magog, to gather them together to battle: the number of whom is as the sand of the sea.

And they went up on the breadth of the earth, and compassed the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city . . .

—Revelation 20:7-9

Four years ago, when Jean Raspail wrote his terrifying prophecy of Satan's ensanguined horde loosed upon the white world, not even he saw his vision as other than a possibility against which hope could still contend. He builded better than he knew; *The Camp of the Saints* is an allegory of apocalypse begun, advanced far beyond reversibility. Of course the destroying swarm, the number of whom is as the sand of the sea, is not his imagined million abortions from the banks of the Ganges, subhuman monsters wallowing in dung and debauch, pullulating even as they died of the press of their own numbers, blown in a hundred rusted hulks by an evil wind to the Côte d'Azur. Reality falls upon its victims more subtly; if it did not, there would be a chance at least to oppose it. Raspail's Armada came from the eastern sea, ours from the southern sky, riders of vultures dropping unnoticed in fields around the proudest metropolis in the

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civilized world. So cunningly they came that now, 25 years before Raspail's Armageddon, his carnivorous lambs number his predicted million in the beloved city, feeding on our substance.

So precisely are Raspail's prophecy and Sheehan's history set one on the other that even his fictional agents of destruction leap at us from her pages. His Turd-Eater, Roller of Dung Briquettes, the militant prophet carrying on his shoulders the deformed messiah, is Vito Marcantonio, New York's Communist politician of a generation past, who discovered that Puerto Ricans had the right of free entry to the United States and conceived the fatal plan of bringing them in to vote for chaos in a flotilla of flying coffins left over from the war, at forty dollars a head. The simonist Pope Benedict XVI, selling the treasures of his Church, is the brothers Berrigan. The apostate philosopher Ballan is our socialist pleader Michael Harrington, who writes an execrable Introduction for this odious book. The enantiomorphic *La Grenouille* and *La Pensée nouvelle* are the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*, assuring Marcel and Josiane that when the mind is missing, a soul will do. The World Council of Churches is —the World Council of Churches. Sheehan herself is a conflation of Rosemonde Réal declaring "We are all from the Ganges now" and Esther Bacouba joyously singing

For now the thousand years are ended—

Yes, the thousand years are ended now.

And the million-headed monster is the incredible protagonist of this chronicle of Doomsday, Carmen Santana, The Welfare Mother. Mongrel dam of mongrel spawn, dropping children as a sow drops piglets, condoning seduction of her filthy pre-pubescent daughters by her indiscriminate lovers; a sloven making room for incessant copulation by throwing filth and garbage out of windows; a liar, cheat, thief, swindler, three times an apprehended criminal and countless times uncaught; receiver of stolen goods, spending $2,500 a year on clothes she is too obese to wear, feeding her feeble mind with *Huckleberry Hound* on two television sets and weepy Spanish songs about the receptive *corazón* on the welfare stereo while feeding her nine children (all born before she was thirty) on bread and cockroaches; abettor of her sons' thriving heroin business; and withal, a professing Catholic who ruts in the light of a votive candle illuminating a bedroom shrine to a congeries of ecumenical godlets—Saints Clara and Barbara and Martín de Porres, patrons respectively of childbirth, gunpowder, and human mongrels; two Buddhas; and the bust of an American Indian. Curiously missing from the pantheon are idols of Saint Número (she ekes out welfare pittances and stealings of up to two thousand dollars a month with as much as a hundred dollars a day selling numbers) and Raspail's Saint Podiatron (she is so fat she cannot take off her own shoes).

Worst of all, she is a vector of madness; in the two and a half years of acquaintance it took the strangely susceptible Susan Sheehan to write this thin abomination, she caught from The Welfare Mother a love of junkies and a hatred of police—and the willingness to carry heroin for her heroine. She agrees with Harrington that "Mrs. Santana is clearly a victim, not a victimizer" of moribund American society. For his part Harrington tells us five times that this is an important book. It is that, but not for the reason he predictably gives—to make the plight of the welfare recipient a visible specter at our feast. *The Welfare Mother* is in its infelicitous way as important as *The Camp of the Saints*, showing in truth what Raspail shows in fiction—the lethality of liberalism, and the anthropological fact that devolution is more inevitable than evolution and that the circumstances that produced the Santanas have driven mankind down Nature's hill ever since the Neanderthals began weakening the human gene pool by assiduously preserving the unfit.

Yes, the thousand years are ended now; we are all from the Ganges, and "the fall of Constantinople is a personal misfortune that happened to all of us only last week." At the end of Jean Raspail's quarter-century of grace for the Western world, who will remain to fight the Last Chance Armada? Will there be even a Jean Perret, a Constantine Dragasès, a Professor Calguès to die in the defense of civilization, the Camp of the Saints? Will there be one man alive to cry, too late: *Vade retro me, Satana—et Santana?* □

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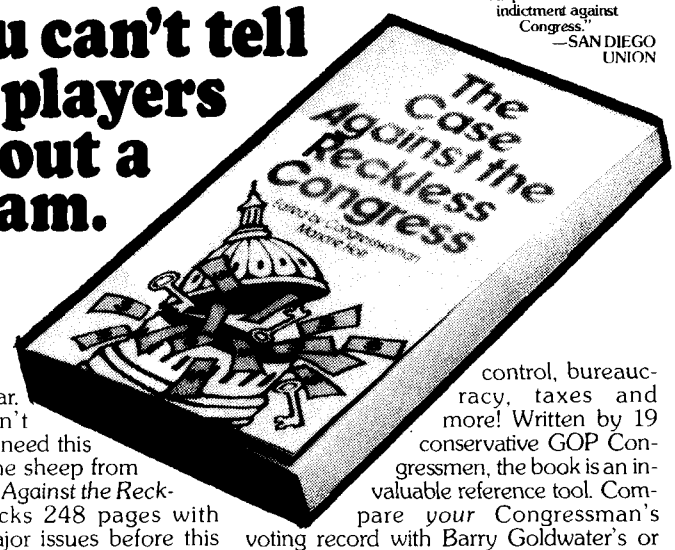

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The Good Guys, the Bad Guys, and the First Amendment
By Fred Friendly
Random House, 268 pp., $10

AT THE FCC, WE TRY . . .

STEPHEN J. CHAPMAN

Despite the Thirteenth Amendment's prohibition of involuntary servitude, the Supreme Court has never ruled the draft unconstitutional. Likewise, the First Amendment hasn't kept the Federal Government from regulating the broadcasting industry, or from insisting that such regulation is for the general welfare. The Federal Radio Commission, forerunner of the FCC, declared unequivocally in 1927, "Broadcasting stations are licensed to serve the public, and not for the purpose of furthering the private or selfish interests of individuals or groups of individuals. The standard of public interest, convenience, or necessity means nothing if it does not mean this."

Since 1949, the Fairness Doctrine has existed to remind radio and television broadcasters that the Constitution doesn't always mean what it says. Fred Friendly, former president of CBS News, has written a history of the Federal Government's clumsy, confused attempts to force broadcasters to present different points of view.

THE REAL history of the Fairness Doctrine begins on November 27, 1964, when radio station WGCB ("the Word for God, Christ, and the Bible in Red Lion, Pennsylvania") aired a taped commentary by the Reverend Billy James Hargis. That day Hargis aimed his fire at Fred Cook, an ex-*New York World-Telegram* reporter who wrote a nasty little book called *Goldwater: Extremist on the Right* (which later turned out to have been financed mostly by the Democratic National Committee). Hargis called Cook a liar and a "professional mudslinger"—and, not surprisingly, Cook took offense at the remarks. Surprisingly, he demanded that WGCB give him free time to answer the charges.

When owner John Norris refused, Cook obtained an FCC order. Norris went to court, and five years after the original broadcast, in the first case involving the Fairness Doctrine, the Supreme Court upheld the order. Justice Byron White rejected Norris' appeal to the First Amendment, noting what he regarded as the unique nature of the medium:

> When there are substantially more individuals who want to broadcast than there are frequencies to allocate, it is idle to posit an unabridgeable First Amendment right to broadcast comparable to the right of every individual to speak, write, or publish . . . There is nothing in the First Amendment which prevents the government from requiring a licensee to share his frequency with others . . .

The problems and abuses inherent in enforcing a vague standard of "fairness" are numerous, and Friendly documents them with great care. The book is largely a layman's legal history, and it's often predictably dull. Friendly is really a television journalist, and that is how he writes: his style is well-ordered but often clumsy and cluttered with trite language. Glib references to the "ultra-right-wing" and clichés like "putting the Fairness Doctrine on a collision course with the First Amendment" quickly become annoying. Though Friendly's narrative is generally balanced and restrained, he occasionally lets a ponderous declaration fall with a loud thud, as in his discussion of the first commercial radio advertisement: "From that instant the commercial die was cast. Free speech was still the American way, but now it was also for sale."

If for no other reason, this book is valuable for its clear-eyed view of the people involved in government and broadcasting. Friendly doesn't flinch from examining President Kennedy's efforts to use the Fairness Doctrine to suppress conservative radio stations. Nor does he spare his old colleagues in the television industry, contrasting the networks' professed concern for preserving a free press with their stubborn opposition to the growth of cable television.

The last three chapters consider possible alternatives to the Fairness Doctrine. Friendly, to his credit, recognizes that cable television is the best solution to the problem, since it offers unlimited access to broadcasting, thus eliminating the central reason for regulation. But he mentions it almost in passing and quickly lets it drop. Though Friendly sympathizes with broadcasters, he insists there is nothing wrong with the government's forcing them to present diverse opinions. He recommends that Congress "chart a course between the extremes of complete repeal [of the Fairness Doctrine] and rigid enforcement," and promises that "demonstrations of good faith" by broadcasters "will cause the Fairness Doctrine to wither away." Maybe, but after two hundred pages of documentation of the evils of government regulation, those suggestions look awfully weak.

In fact, Friendly never fully confronts the conflict between the Fairness Doctrine and the First Amendment, because he doesn't think that's the real problem. "The dilemma," he says, "comes when the FCC orders radio and television stations—and indirectly the networks—to achieve fairness without telling them how to produce programs." That view misses the point entirely. Friendly never answers the objection of the attorney who told the Supreme Court, "We submit that the commandment of the First Amendment is simply: Thou shalt not abridge. And it is not, 'You may abridge, but please try to keep it reasonable.'" □

Medical Nemesis
By Ivan Illich
Pantheon, 294 pp., $8.95

CULTURAL FOPPERY

NICHOLAS KING

Ivan Illich has written a very fierce tract against the medical establishment of the Western world, or, as he puts it, the destructive force of over-expanded health care. He is not against doctors or medicine as such, but he is uncompromising as to the necessity of doing away with the social sicknesses that he attributes to medical conditioning and its contemporary parasite spawn—hospitals, pharmaceuticals, health insurance. His claim is that we no longer have control over our health because we are classified as patients before we are even born and live in arbitrary medical pigeonholes for the rest of our lives—"cases" matched to varying degrees of sickness. Finally, he says, we have lost control even of our own death, as, medicated to the gills, we go under for the last time in a spray of plastic tubes and cardiac monitors.→

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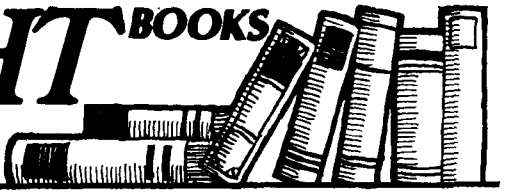
THE RIGHT BOOKS



M. STANTON EVANS

THESE ARE DAYS of revolution in the social sciences, and this time the rebels have a proper cause.

At Harvard, MIT, Johns Hopkins, and other unlikely outposts of sedition, cold-eyed empiricists have been measuring received opinions against the benchmarks of experience. And what they have discovered is that the reigning ideology of social uplift has produced a series of egregious failures. Take the readouts where you will—education, employment, health care—the verdict is the same: rather than solving social problems for us, federal intervention has managed to create them.

These studies are the more persuasive because the people turning them out have no observable axe to grind. By and large, they share or sympathize with the goal of doing good through government, and are loath to use such cutting words as fraud or failure. It is just that they had this strange idea of asking whether the theory worked—and found, consistently, that it didn't. The result is a growing, and extremely useful, literature of lost illusions.

The latest example in this genre, bringing together and updating the findings of several previous studies, is *The Urban Predicament* (Urban Institute, $4.95), financed by the Ford Foundation and the government, and edited by William Gorham and Nathan Glazer. Notwithstanding its forbidding auspices, this is a solid, subtle, richly factual overview of reigning dogma and current practice, and their impact on the problems of the cities. The tone throughout is temperate, if elegiac.

The book begins with a long, informative essay by George E. Peterson of the Urban Institute staff, concerning financial problems of the cities; it includes some familiar references to declining tax base and recent curtailment of federal programs. But it also includes a less familiar leitmotif: proof of profligate spending by big cities, the death grip of the municipal unions, the follies encouraged by easy federal dollars. Bottom line: Something for nothing doesn't work for cities, either.

Then there is an essay on urban housing by three other members of the Institute staff. This chapter has its moments of weakness, particularly on the subject of spiraling mortgage interest rates, which it discusses but does not explain (more attention to the crowding of capital markets would have helped). But it supplies a mass of evidence which shows us that private industry has, in essence, solved the housing "problem," while government policy has, on balance, hurt, not helped.

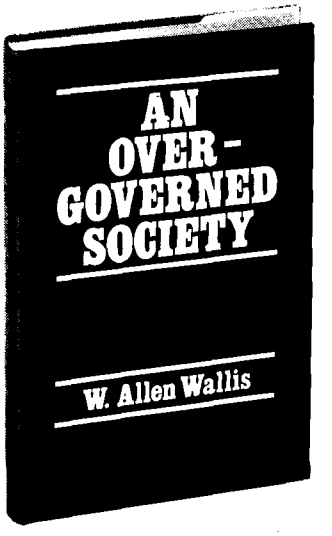
Most direct in breaking with the regnant doctrine is James Q. Wilson, long suspected of heretical tendency. In what is in effect a coda to his recent admirable work *Thinking about Crime*, Wilson argues that liberal theories concerning rehabilitation, judicial leniency, and the evil effects of punishment are, in a word, mistaken. Using the finest mathematical regressions, he and associate Barbara Boland prove conclusively that the way to limit crime is to arrest and lock up criminals. Wilson is a professor at Harvard, and obviously has tenure.

NEXT, NOT EXACTLY in sackcloth but offering a subliminal *mea culpa*, is James S. Coleman, he of the notorious report. Coleman recaps his previous findings that increased spending, above a certain long-ago-transcended threshold, does not improve educational quality, remarks that busing has also failed to get the job done (while generating other problems), and concludes that the breakdown of authority and discipline in the schools is responsible for the continuing nosedive of the SATs.

Finally, there is a gem of a chapter on transportation, which recounts some of the methods by which the government has skewed the market, offers some approving words for automobiles, and conspicuously refuses to embrace the new theology of rapid transit. Tentative in conclusions, this section nonetheless provides a wealth of valuable data on the nation's many transportation problems. All in all, a convincing, honest, and well-reasoned book. □

The Case Against "Big Government"

AN OVERGOVERNED SOCIETY
By W. Allen Wallis



"The term 'rule of law' now is coming to mean that all activities and relations between people should be regulated by law.... Instead of protecting freedom, the new rule of law annihilates freedom."

W. Allen Wallis has been challenging excessive governmental power for over 30 years—long before it became a fashionable pastime for politicians. This book contains the best of his writings and speeches on the limits, failures, and follies of this tendency toward "an overgoverned society."

As an economist, educator, author, corporate director, and member of several Presidential Commissions, Wallis has a profound sense of political and social history. In AN OVERGOVERNED SOCIETY he has presented a powerful, perceptive case against "the new government"—the rules, regulations and requirements of dozens of government bureaucracies which are shackling both the economy and our individual freedoms.

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Iatrogenesis—the disease which comes from being doctored—is the cause of this woe; Illich divides it into three categories. First, there is clinical iatrogenesis, which is the sickness of being in a hospital. Then, social iatrogenesis, which is the sickness of being imprisoned in industrialized health schemes. Third, and most devastating, is cultural iatrogenesis, which means knuckling under to consumer exigencies which one can ultimately escape only by dying. During the past twenty years, the price index in this country has risen 74 per cent and the cost of medical care 330 per cent. Every day, 50 to 80 per cent of the adult population of the United States and Britain swallow a medically prescribed chemical. All this is ominous and appalling.

Mr. Illich traces the history of medical attitudes back to the late Middle Ages, when people, in the West at least, began to recognize illness and death as things not magical, nor oracular, nor divine, but natural—as phenomena which happened to everyone. He is very good at illustrating the macabre evolution which has produced twentieth century orientations toward health care as well as our, to him, supine acceptance of the perhaps involuntary roguery of modern medical practitioners.

Our morbid enslavement by the health care racket is just one result of the industrial doomsday which Mr. Illich has attacked in previous books dealing with educational bankruptcy, misuse of energy, and abuse of social and cultural "tools." These matters crop up again in *Medical Nemesis*, and the arguments against man's destructive exploitation of himself, which are the heart of Illich's indictment, are forcefully and sometimes brilliantly conceived. His examples of such exploitation are cogent and informative, especially when they are drawn from Latin America, which Mr. Illich knows well.

But there is a weight of proportion and common sense that is grievously absent from his pages. One would have thought that everyone knew doctors thrive on the physiological and psychological breakdowns of mankind—just as the police, for example, thrive on the generally evil nature of society. And are we really so supine as Mr. Illich paints us for the purposes of his brief—no more than white mice making conditioned leaps in laboratory cages without a vestige of the authority of human feeling? "The term 'suffering,'" he writes in a typical passage, "has become almost useless for designating a realistic human response because it evokes superstition, sadomasochism, or the rich man's condescension to the lot of the poor." Does anyone know anyone to whom this term has become useless, and for these reasons?

THE FACT is that most people are fairly well aware of medical abuses, whether they derive from the witchcraft of ignorance or the voodoo of "pure" science. Such awareness has ever been a collective possession of society. The ordinary citizen, provided he is not a hypochondriac, has a sturdy distrust of doctors as a matter of course. He knows that he must submit to a certain amount of doctoring in his lifetime, and hopes, whether he be rich or poor, that it will be as little as possible. He knows also that he must submit to the medical fashion of his time, e.g., the annual checkup ridiculed by Mr. Illich, especially if his company or his union pays for it. He will take the same attitude toward the free lung X-ray if the Chestmobile happens to be parked nearby. But he does far more to maintain his own health, and is far wiser in doing it, than this book would allow us to believe. In this most important respect, Mr. Illich overshoots his mark, and his tract therefore carries no great weight, although it should do much to enliven conversations between doctors and their patients.

And when it comes to proposing solutions, Mr. Illich himself breaks down. He says that political action alone can provide alternatives to the medical Medusa and other Gorgons of our civilization. But he cannot suggest any political action beyond the formation of leagues to defend civil liberties (in which category he includes the liberty to heal), and the book ends in a mire of unrealized ideas and captious solemnities, in the midst of which the author, as well as the reader, finds himself gasping for air.

Unfortunately, Mr. Illich's writing is thick with those expressions of cultural foppery we know so well from our forced reading; heteronomous, disvalue, quantify, internalize, and counter-purposive, for instance—all in the dictionary, no doubt, yet all familiar hallmarks of stylistic incompetence. The effect is all the more severe in this case, for the book's text floats very high on a foam of industrious but dandified footnotes. It is absolutely fair to take Illich to task in this respect, for he talks a great deal about the mystification of language; and his scholarship and research demand a far more effective tool, as he would put it, to support the seriousness of his intentions and the ardor of his instincts. Authors like Mr. Illich must seek above all to rouse, and not to deaden, their readers. If medical practice induces disease, let that not be said of the practice of writing. □

FICTION

Sweet William
By Beryl Bainbridge
Braziller, 204 pp., $7.95

OUT FROM THE SHADOWS

RONALD DE FEO

Although Beryl Bainbridge has emerged in recent years as one of the most interesting and dependable of contemporary British writers, her work has not really caught on over here. Her last book, *The Bottle Factory Outing*, was a wonderfully written and wonderfully odd little novel focusing on two detached young women working among Italian immigrants in a London bottling plant. It received good enough reviews when published here, but since it was generally treated as a nice minor work, one suspects that few people were stimulated to hurry to their local bookshop or library. Unfortunately, many readers in this country seem to feel that unless a book will "knock them out" it is not worth their time.

Certainly, Miss Bainbridge works in a somewhat minor mode. Her fictional world is a grey, dank, and closed place. Her characters, usually discontented, lonely, and discarded working-class women, are rather limited beings, seemingly incapable of growth or change. Yet because of the care and control Miss Bainbridge exercises over her material, and because of the origi-

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nality of her approach, she often seems to transcend that material. Though she develops her dark, claustrophobic little stories slowly and softly, the atmosphere she creates is unsettling, often threatening. She is to a large extent a realist, and her characters tend to be rather prosaic, but still there is something slightly off-center and crazy about her particular world. We frequently find ourselves laughing in the dark.

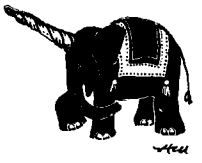
SWEET WILLIAM, her latest novel, is certainly the least dark and bizarre of her books, far brighter and more open than either *Harriet Said* or *The Secret Glass*. In fact, with each new book Miss Bainbridge appears to be moving further away from her shadowy realm. One notices a change in her style as well. Her delivery has become increasingly precise and concise. Her pace has quickened. She now treats her pathetic women in a much more overtly comic manner. Miss Bainbridge has been most successful in *The Bottle Factory Outing*, in which she retained the dark qualities of her earlier books but managed to relate her story more crisply and comically than ever before. We find that same crispness and wit in *Sweet William*, but the characteristic menace is gone, and we do miss it.

Quite simply, *Sweet William* concerns a young, naïve (one is tempted to say dense) woman who takes on a first-rate cad for a lover. When Ann meets William, a budding Scottish playwright, at a grammar school festival she attends in place of her landlady, she is completely, yet inexplicably, overwhelmed by him. "I thought I had the flu," she says later when trying to describe to William his initial effect upon her. Apparently that first meeting strongly affected William as well, for very soon afterward he pursues Ann, beds her, and moves in with her. Oddly enough, Ann appears to be attracted by William's unpredictability as much as by his strong manner and good looks.

She is shaken at first when she learns of his ex-wife, and discovers that he may still be carrying on with his present wife, as well as with other women, but she goes out of her way to be tolerant. In fact, as the story progresses and William's actions become increasingly outrageous (at one point he sends a birthday cake to his wife while she is visiting with Ann), we begin to wonder how far Ann will allow him to go before protesting and calling for an end to the whole absurd business. Clearly, Miss Bainbridge wishes to demonstrate what some people will endure for the sake of romance and love, but at times we feel that she is laboring the point—Ann is just too forgiving to be believed.

In fact, it is a wonder that Miss Bainbridge was able to bring off this novel at all. Ann is so weak that she often irritates us more than she wins our sympathy. She is very much like the impossibly tolerant Brenda in *The Bottle Factory Outing*, but at least Brenda shared the stage with the strapping, comical Freda, who provided contrast and relief. William, unfortunately, does not really provide much diversion, for despite the claims that are made for him, we fail to see him as charming.

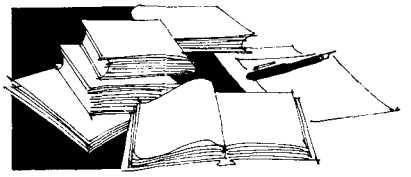
Still and all, Miss Bainbridge relates her tale with such spirit and includes so many nice little comic touches and observations along the way that she succeeds in holding our interest and entertaining us as well. The scenes between Ann and her meddlesome mother are particularly effective. We want the woman to leave just as soon as she arrives for another of her annoying visits. And yet, on one occasion, when she finally does leave, the author conveys the sadness of the ending of still another fruitless and argumentative encounter: "There was the expected moment on the platform as the train began to crawl away with the little displeased face, lonely at the carriage window." Miss Bainbridge is also very adept at summing up a character in a few choice lines. When speaking of a former lover of Ann's, she says, "He showed everybody photographs of her [his wife] and his children. He had a sort of miniature shrine in his car, with them all grouped lovingly at the end of a garden, framed in plastic on the dashboard."



Sweet William is a delightfully written book, and when it concludes we find we are affected by it more than we had anticipated. Yet it is perhaps too easy at times and too inconsequential, lacking that unsettling vision of Miss Bainbridge's earlier books. Though her ease is to be admired, one hopes that in her next book she will couple it with a return to the shadows. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

SMART ALECK: *The Wit, World, and Life of Alexander Woollcott, by Howard Teichmann (Morrow, 334 pp., $10.95).* Forty-five years have passed since the Algonquin Round Table disbanded, but the talented and outrageous personalities it comprised live on in what seems to be an unending stream of biographies. Howard Teichmann, who two years ago gave us the first treatment of George S. Kaufman, appears to have become an Algonquiphile. He has here turned out a first-rate volume on the "Vicious Circle's" ringleader, Alexander Woollcott: drama critic for the *Times* and



the extinct *Herald*, *Sun*, and *World*; author, lecturer, actor, radio commentator, and arbiter of public taste for a generation; and above all, personality. Woollcott's unique blend of "vitriol and violets" was the stuff of which close friendships and bitter feuds were made. As *The New Yorker* commented at the time of his death: "We are glad we knew him well, for he was a most uncomfortable man to know slightly." Raised in a nineteenth century New Jersey commune, the Phalanx, Woollcott, during his adolescence, grappled with what Teichmann claims was a hormonal imbalance causing effeminacy and a weak and confused sex drive, though not overt homosexuality. From the obituary desk at the *Times*, Woollcott catapulted to the post of drama critic, which he rescued from its thraldom to the theater owners and the advertising department. His gushing enthusiasms for new talent made American audiences respond to the likes of Eugene O'Neill, Lunt and Fontanne, the Marx Brothers, Will Rogers, Fred Astaire, *Abie's Irish Rose*, and Paul Robeson. At the Algonquin Hotel he shepherded a wise-cracking and literate group which included Kaufman, Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley, Marc Connelly, Edna Ferber, Harold Ross, and Herbert Bayard Swope—and somehow managed to dominate them all, just as he was able to sway the taste of millions by his pronouncements as CBS radio's *Town Crier*. Teichmann has done an admirable job of treating previously covered material from new perspectives, and of bringing new information to light. It is the type of book—fresh, gossipy, and witty—that Woollcott himself would have relished.

DAVID PIETRUSZA

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

SVEND PETERSON:

My Half-Cocked Quiz.

See, anxious puzzlers (who just would not use huge books), here's a very good, unusual example of the 1,000,000 linguistic idiosyncrasies and orthographic inconsistencies that make our dear old mother tongue unduly vicissitudinous. Unusual new queer words become irritating. Well, well! (Every letter in the alphabet appears in the answer.)

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 984)

Walter Jacobs imparted to his students of Soviet foreign policy, Soviet government and administration, and international relations a taste of reality, something which is at present sorely lacking in academia.

To Walter Jacobs goes my respect, my admiration, and my thanks.

Stamford, Conn. LUKE BROWN

Currently a graduate student at a local college, I've been a fan of NATIONAL REVIEW since coming across a copy in my high school library.

In this letter, I specifically wish to commend Malachi B. Martin's provocative column. His recent pieces "The Churches and the Devil" [April 30] and "Pentecost" [June 11] struck a responsive chord in this reader, an Eastern Orthodox Christian. Mr. Martin elucidates a dimension of our spiritual heritage seldom even tacitly acknowledged by most of our contemporary political or religious journals.

Bayonne, N.J. KARL G. VERONA

Humoring the Barbarians

It's all very well to speak of Trudeau and his government as barbaric because of their injection of politics into the Olympic Games ["Barbarous Pierre," July 23]. I agree entirely.

But the United States had the option of withdrawing from participation, as the most effective protest we could have made —and we didn't.

Therefore, in effect, we have sanctioned Trudeau's barbarous conduct.

What this portends at Moscow in 1980 may well mean the end of the Olympics.

San Francisco, Calif. JOHN C. ROBB

The FBI and Its Critics

As a subscriber who happens to be an FBI Agent, I take issue with part of your editorial "Is Intelligence Necessary?" [May 28]. There is no disagreement over the need for proper outside oversight of the FBI; Director Kelley welcomes it. The observations you made concerning the difficulty of balancing individual privacy against the need to detect hostile intelligence agents, terrorists, and those who would subvert our form of government highlight the dilemmas faced by the FBI and other intelligence-gathering services.

What I would take issue with is the sweeping charge of "deliberate harassment by the FBI of individual citizens against whom no proof or even presumption of crime or disloyalty existed." The implication is that persons were selected for attention almost at random, but such was not the case. Certainly mistakes were made, as FBI officials freely testified before congressional committees, whose reports are largely formed from data provided by the FBI itself. What is especially galling, then, is the lack of proportion in so many of the endlessly repeated, continually embellished charges which magnify individual errors of judgment and convert them into seeming manifestations of policy, plus the media's judgment that actions approved of in other times are now somehow reprehensible.

One good example can be found in what the media once hailed as the FBI's "war" on the Klan in the Fifties and Sixties. The Klan was largely neutralized by aggressive investigation, including extensive development of informants, which made possible the prosecution of individual members for committing violent acts in violation of the civil rights of others. True, most Klan members were not disloyal and did not commit prosecutable violations, but the coverage established their organizational affiliation, which was relevant, and it is difficult to see the Klan investigation as a capricious exercise of power.

Yet now, ten years or more later, those actions are depicted as infringements of the rights (to night-ride?) of Klansmen. The recent death of an editorial cartoonist occasioned the reprinting of some of his past works, one of which approvingly depicted a grim-faced Uncle Sam shaking a "violent Southern racist" by the scruff of his neck. It is surprising that it was unnecessary to rewrite the cartoon's caption to indicate a contrite Uncle Sam apologizing for harassing the dangling figure.

Chicago, Ill. R. JEAN GRAY JR.

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A boy's best friend in the middle of an inexpensive hostelry — 64 12 28 31 9 68 86 92 104 108 / 127 3

B. What football in the District of Columbia is — 91 65 205 60 154 43 123 32

C. Union devices — 57 6 44 67 71 106 139 164 1 84 / 175

D. What the clumsy shortstop was — 95 7 15 20 27 155 138 197 140 132

E. What monks wear in the field — 99 37 50 58 94 21 107 135 196 119

F. Lots of sleep will cure this — 118 114 192 157 204 148 72 33

G. A type of theater — 125 102 128 87 14 179 97 150

H. English neurologist (1853-1926) — 138 129 88 117

I. Pius XII's first name — 8 46 61 70 81 83 4

J. Where Alfred E. Smith's *running mate* was from — 198 24 110 185 153 162 208 35

K. What Santa Claus is — 174 163 109 209 194 90 200 180 36

L. IRON IN FACT — 177 105 190 203 19 89 93 146 149 34

M. Knobbed — 186 45 54 124 116 165

N. Something providing a miscellany of often choice items — 195 76 166 62 171 181 130

O. A double play — 16 49 66 78 98 22 25 5 11

P. Interdict — 2 77 131 167 152 82

Q. An extra inning — 48 145 39 85 100

R. What a speculator sometimes does — 74 172 79 158 183 133

S. Extraordinary — 115 18 159 210 26 173 101 191 147

T. Not interwoven — 169 51 134 142 112 120

U. A city in Rhode Island — 10 137 55 23 113 144 126

V. The weight carried by a horse in a handicap race — 38 96 176 168 29 141

W. What part of France was during World War II — 136 193 170 201 52 207 160 187

X. The butts of yolks — 143 40 73 121 189 56 199 161

Y. A Royal Academy plate? — 156 41 184 59 30 151

Z. Not flowing — 206 75 63 178 42 80 53 202

a. A type measure (sic) + a man's nickname (something to get excited about) — 13 17 47 69 103 111 122 182

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1022 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 C	2 P		3 A	4 I	5 O		6 C	7 D	8 I		9 A	10 U		11 O	12 A	13 a		
14 G	15 D	16 O	17 a	18 S		19 L	20 D	21 E	22 O		23 U	24 J	25 O	26 S	27 D	28 A	29 V	30 Y		
31 A	32 B	33 F	34 L	35 J		36 K	37 E	38 V	39 Q	40 X		41 Y	42 Z		43 B	44 C	45 M	46 I	47 a	
48 Q	49 O	50 E	51 T		52 W	53 Z	54 M		55 U	56 X	57 C	58 E	59 Y	60 B	61 I		62 N	63 Z	64 A	
65 B		66 O	67 C		68 A	69 a	70 I		71 C	72 F	73 X	74 R	75 Z		76 N	77 P	78 O	79 R		
80 Z	81 I	82 P		83 I	84 C		85 Q	86 A	87 G	88 H		89 L	90 K	91 B	92 A		93 L	94 E	95 D	
	96 V	97 G	98 O		99 E	100Q	101S		102G	103a	104A	105L	106C		107E	108A	109K	110J		
111a	112T	113U	114F	115S	116M	117H		118F	119E		120T	121X	122a		123B	124M	125G	126U		
127A	128G	129H	130N	131P	132D	133R	134T	135E	136W	137U		138H	139C	140D		141V	142T	143X	144U	
145Q		146L	147S		148F	149L	150G	151Y	152P	153J	154B		155D	156Y	157F	158R	159S	160W	161X	
162J	163K	164C	165M		166N	167P	168V	169T	170W		171N	172R	173S	174K	175C		176V	177L	178Z	
179G	180K	181N	182a	183R	184Y		185J	186M	187W		188D	189X	190L	191S	192F	193W	194K	195N		
196E	197D		198J	199X	200K	201W	202Z		203L		204P	205B	206Z	207W	208J	209K	210S			

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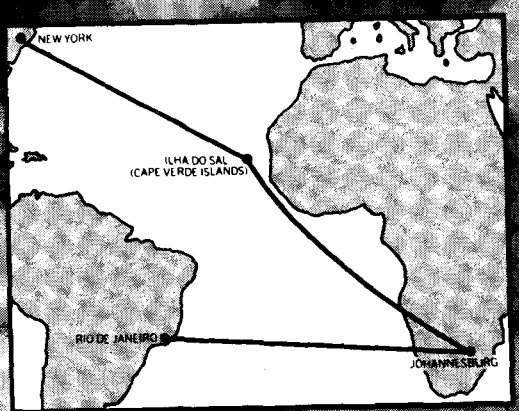

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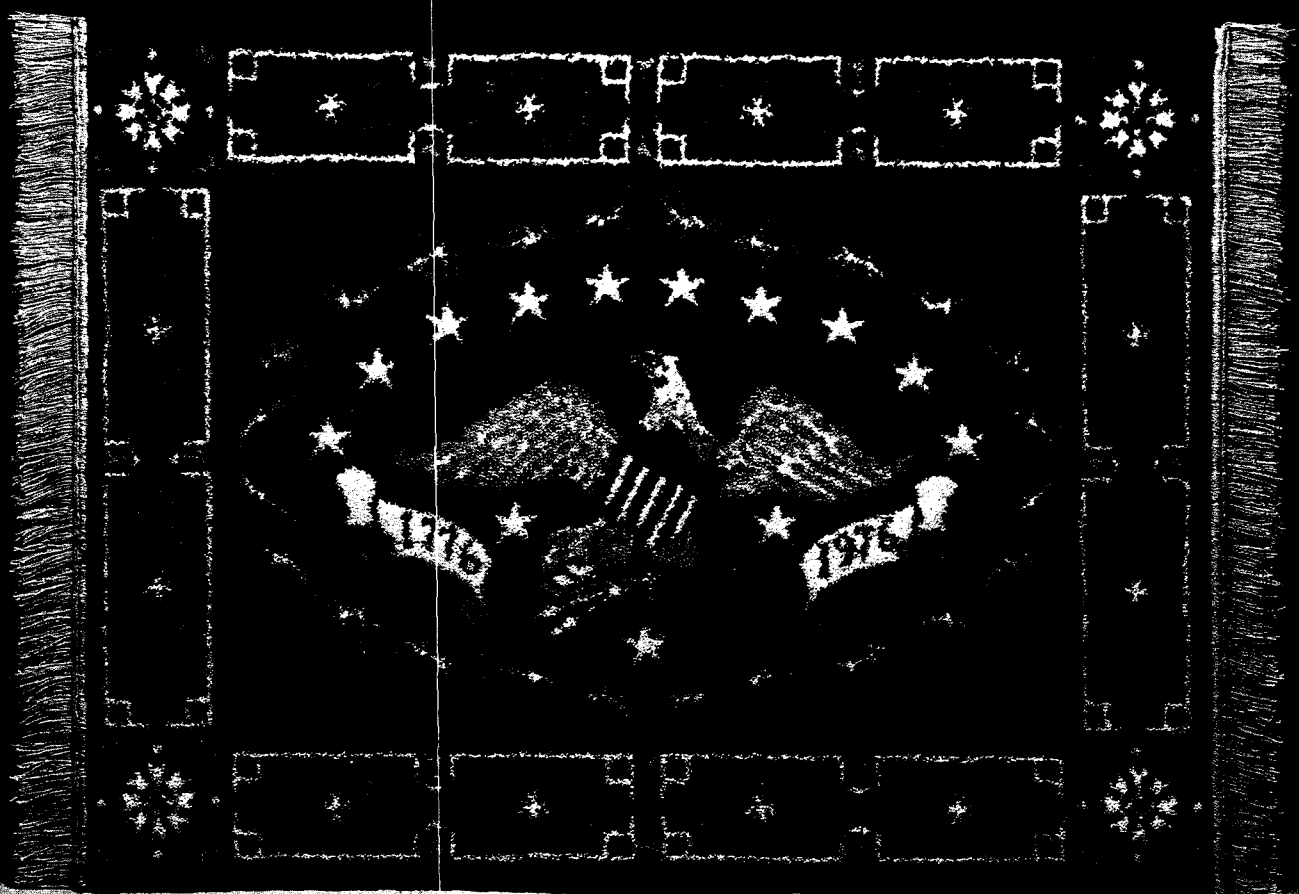

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